A STARTLING NOVELETTE, "THE WITCH OF CAVILHAO," NEXT WEEK.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXIX. NO. 9. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1901. Single Copies 5 Cents

BROUGHT TO BAY.

An Innocent and Hunted Man Turns Pursuer --- For Love of a Mountain Lass---A Strange Climax.

By **WILLIAM T. WHITLOCK.**

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CHAPTER I.

"Howdy, Dorindy!" a man's voice drawled forth unexpectedly.

The girl, hoeing in the tiny corn patch, lifted her head quickly at the sound and turned her sunbonnet toward the speaker.

"You here, Clay Berdsall!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell on the speaker.

"Yaas, looks like hit, don't hit," drawled the man, a pleased expression coming into his strong face. "Your's some surprised to see me, hain't you, Dorindy?"

The girl dropped her hoe and moved quickly to his side, her great gray eyes glowing.

"Oh, Clay, they might catch yuh," she said, speaking with suppressed excitement.

A sudden tender light shone in his dark eyes. "Would you care, Dorindy?" He made a half motion to place one stalwart arm about her slender waist but checked himself suddenly, as a bitter thought came into his mind.

Dorinda Crouse let her glance fall quickly to the ground. After a time she looked up quietly. "I wouldn't want for them to catch yuh, Clay," she said.

"Then I ain't goin' to let 'em," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Clay, tell me the truth," she cried, passionately. "Did yuh kill my cousin Amos?" She was breathing deep, halting breaths as she waited for his reply.

"Dorindy, would yuh believe me 'f I tell yuh?"

"Yes, yes," she panted. "You couldn't lie to me."

He moved a step nearer and folded her tenderly in his strong arms.

"No, Dorindy, I couldn't lie to yuh. I ain't got no cause to lie, nohow. I never killed your cousin Amos. Listen to me, dear. I know you've heard many tales about me, but the truth is this: Your cousin an' me was agoin' down to the turkey shoot at Bill Rice's, day 'foh Thanksgivin'. We hed our guns with us, of course, and while we were ridin' down the road, we met Jake Mott a-comin' towards us. I swear to you I never knowed that he and Amos were at outs. I never thought nothin' about trouble agoin' to happen. Jake Motts rode right up to us without speakin' a word, an' jest up and shoots Amos through the head. I was so surprised I didn't know what I done next, but when I recollected myself, I had knocked Mott off'en his horse an' was a standin' over him. An' then I stooped down to pick up a gun—I'd dropped mine—an' I picked up his'n by mistake. Just then a crowd of men rode up. They was goin' to the turkey shoot, an' your paw seen me there with a empty smokin' gun in my hand. He cried out:

"'What ye doin' down there, Lige Berdsall? What ye shoot Amos for?'

"An' Jake Mott speaks up real quick an' said: 'They was quarrelin' when I come up and I tried to stop 'em when that sneakhound shot Amos and then tried to kill me.'

"And then all the men jest went wild an' begin cryin': 'Hang him, hang him!'

"Dorindy, I knowed I'd never have no show with that crowd so excited like an' with Jake Mott lyin' so. Before they could get holt of me I grabbed up my gun and jumped on my hoss and just rode right into the brush an' rocks as fast as the nag could carry me. They fired some shots at me and tried to catch me, but I just rode off a steep bank, an' none o' the cowards dare foller me, an' I got away.

"Dorindy, I be'n hidin' out in the woods ever since—like a wolf—sleepin' in caves, freezin' in winter, without nobody to talk to, an' me innerscent." His deep voice choked, and his head rooped upon his broad chest.

She put her shapely brown hand gently to his face, and stood sobbing and caressing him as a mother would a child. "Oh, you poor boy, you poor boy!" she moaned.

They were startled apart by the vicious spang of a bullet on a rock near them. Berdsall turned in the direction from which the report of the rifle had sounded. But Dorinda buried her face in her hands. She knew only too well that familiar rifle's report. Her father had shot at the man beside her, and was racing across the fields toward them, his great gaunt form bent forward eagerly, his little, cruel eyes gleaming.

Berdsall lifted his rifle to his shoulder quietly. "Don't come any nearer, Mr. Crouse. I give you warning. I'm armed," he said.

Andrew Crouse paused with a comical abrupt motion that caused Berdsall to smile faintly.

"I am sorry to treat an old neighbor so rudely; but I must ask you to retrace your steps to the edge of the field and remain there until I have reached my horse on the other side," said Berdsall.

Crouse began backing away hurriedly in one direction, while Berdsall moved also backwards in another. Dorinda stood in dumb white misery between them. She longed to cry out in horror, but her tongue refused to obey her will. The two men who were dearest on earth to her were before her in all but deadly combat.

At last Berdsall reached his horse hitched in the timber. He waved his hand in farewell to Dorinda, and a moment later he crashed into the forest. At the same moment, her father gave vent to a loud hailing cry. The call was echoed by a pack of hounds that raced down the hillside from the cabin perched above the field. And following them Dorinda saw her three tall, strapping brothers with ready rifles came running down the slope.

"It's Clay Berdsall," cried the older man. "I shot at him an' missed—blast it, or I'd had him lyin' there on the ground and got the reward for him. We've got to take him. Gimme your gun, Ike, and go back to the house and get some more ammunition and foller our trail."

The tall Ike turned toward the house, while Andrew Crouse stalked across the field to where his daughter stood like one in a trance.

"Dorindy," he said harshly, "air my eyes a-fallin' me, or did I see rightly? Did I see my daughter with her arms around a murderer?"

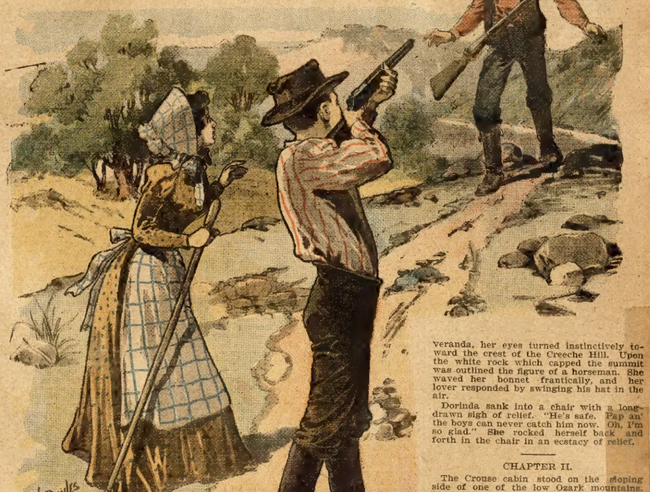
"Oh, paw, he is innocent," she sobbed.

"Did I see you embrace a murderer?" he said, insistently.

Dorinda drew herself up rigidly and something of her father's stubbornness came into her face.

"You saw me with the man I love," she answered.

"You love a murderer," screamed Andrew Crouse, "an' you promised to Jake Mott—"



"DON'T COME ANY NEARER, MR. CROUSE."

"Father, you know I will never marry Jake Mott. Listen, father, Clay just told me——"

"I ain't got no time to listen," cried her father, "if—if—but, then, Dorindy, you' the only gal I've got, so I ain't goin' to be harsh with you, but I never expected— "

"Father, I tell you he is innocent."

"You tell that to me! Me, who seen him with the gun smokin' in his han'! Go long up to the house, Dorindy, and wait till we come back. I'll talk with you then, darter. Yo' papa knows what he's a doin'——"

He strode off across to the timber where his two sons were impatiently awaiting his guidance.

Dorinda went wearily up the hill toward the house. As she reached the rude little veranda, her eyes turned instinctively toward the crest of the Creeche Hill. Upon the white rock which capped the summit was outlined the figure of a horseman. She waved her bonnet frantically, and her lover responded by swinging his hat in the air.

Dorinda sank into a chair with a long-drawn sigh of relief. "He's safe. Pap an' the boys can never catch him now. Oh, I'm so glad." She rocked herself back and forth in the chair in an ecstacy of relief.

CHAPTER II.

The Crouse cabin stood on the sloping side of one of the low Ozark mountains. There were two rooms, with a "gallery" between, and a long, low loft above. Andrew Crouse had built the cabin for the occupancy of the family of slaves that he had brought with him on his removal from Alabama to the Ozarks. Farther up the mountain side he had built a larger house for himself and family. Andrew Crouse had higher ambitions in those days, and had dreamed of establishing a family and fortune in the then comparatively new country. But the civil war blasted his hopes. At its close he returned from the confederate army to find that his house had been burned by the Union forces, his property plundered by his own companions-in-arms, and his family harrassed by guerillas. The loss of his delicate southern wife was added to his misfortunes, and then it was that Andrew Crouse lost hope and settled down in the negro cabin to live the life of a backwoodsman.

For generations the Crouse family had consisted of tall, stalwart men. But Andrew Crouse's second wife, dying in childbirth, had presented him with a daughter. From that time on, the one tender spot in his heart was for the little girl he named Dorinda, and her half-brothers had watched over her as one might guard a precious flower.

After freedom was proclaimed, only one of the negroes had been allowed to remain on the place, and she was the voluminous colored aunty who nursed Dorinda's mother. This kind old soul had reared Dorinda as tenderly as only an old mammy can, and she looked after the Crouse household with faithful devotion, for which she felt amply repaid by the love of the daughter of the house.

Dorinda Crouse had led the contented, uneventful life of a mountain lass until a year before this story begins. Then it was that Clay Berdsall had returned from New Orleans where his parents had sent him to school. The Berdsalls were the one family of wealth and breeding in the vicinity. They owned acres on acres of land in the fertile Pea Ridge Valley, and their dwelling and surroundings were the finest for miles around. A few days after his return from school, Clay had ridden up the mountain to hunt for squirrels. As he was passing the Crouse cabin he beheld Dorinda sitting in the gallery, watching Aunt Nancy as she twirled the huge spinning wheel. Clay rode past the house and then turned and came back, dismounted and approached the steps.

"Could you give me a drink, Aunt Nancy," he said, addressing the negress, but keeping his eyes on Dorinda.

"Law sakes, 'f that ain't little Clay Berdsall," cried Aunt Nancy, dropping him a courtesy. "How yuh maw, sonney? 'Course Aunt Nancy ken give yuh a drink. Come up to the gallery, and sit down."

"No, Aunt Nancy, I'll go down to the spring myself."

"Now, go 'long chile. Think we Crouses don't know how to wait on quality. Dorindy, honey, you go with him to the spring. My old back do ache with this spinning."

Dorinda, blushing, caught up a long-handled gourd, and led the way to the spring-house. She filled the drinking cup with clear, cold water and handed it shyly to him.

"Are you Mr. Crouse's daughter?" asked Clay.

"Yes," she answered, looking modestly down into the clear water.

Berdsall stood looking at her entranced. Her eyes were gray, with opal like depths. Her hair was blue-black and deepened the whiteness of her clear, healthful skin. And her ill-fitting clothes could not conceal the supple, graceful form they enveloped.

"Will you let me come to see you sometimes—to call at your house?" said Clay, impulsively.

"Yes, if paw and the boys don't care."

"But would you care?" asked Clay, eagerly.

"We don't see much company and it do get lonesome up here with paw and the boys gone so much," she answered.

After that Clay Berdsall spent most of his spare hours at the Crouse cabin. Andrew Crouse was nothing loath, for it seemed only right that his beautiful daughter should receive the attention of the best educated and richest young man in the vicinity. Berdsall's family were at first surprised at Clay's choice of the mountain girl after having the society of the best families of New Orleans, but they had long regarded Dorinda as a sweet flower set among thistles, and really loved the girl, so they made no remonstrance. They did protest, however, against his associating with her uncouth half-brothers and cousins.

"They are not your natural associates, my boy," his aristocratic old father said one morning as he was preparing to ride up the mountain.

"If I am to marry Dorinda, I should not be above being seen with her kinfolks," said Clay. "They can do me no harm, and I can learn some ideas of their life, so that I may better know how to care for my darling when once we are married."

So Clay rode about with the rough mountaineers, joining in their sports and learning their customs, thinking all the while of the sweet blossom that was soon to be his own, and loyally hoping thus to better understand the sweet, uncultured girl he meant to wed.

Then had come the horrible killing of Amos Crouse by Jake Mott, as has been told, and the shifting of the murder by the villain upon innocent Clay Berdsall. Then the fierce passions of the Crouses had been aroused and from that day they had hunted Clay as a wolf.

Who Jake Mott was, no one seemed to know. He had come into the country soon after the war, from where, no one knew. He owned a stony farm on an isolated hill, and pretended to make a living by farming.

But the rough crowd of men he kept about him knew from whence his chief resources were derived, and it was feared that many of the mountain farmers knew, also; but with the usual indifference of the backwoodsmen, they declared it "warnt their affair," and allowed him to go on his way unmolested.

Jake Mott had fallen in love with Dorinda Crouse from the moment of their first meeting. He had told her cousin Amos of his passion and the two had quarreled, Amos telling him that he should never woo his cousin, and threatening to call down the law upon him if he persisted in his attentions. Mott had deliberately determined to kill Amos Crouse, and had carried out his intention. And when, by accident, he had been able to shift the murder on to Clay Berdsall, Dorinda's accepted lover, he felt that fate was surely in his favor. With Clay banished from the scene, he paid open court to Dorinda. He preyed upon Andrew Crouse's feelings, and used his oily tongue to set forth his virtues, and finally won the old man over. But Dorinda steadfastly refused his attentions. She would not listen to his ardent protestations of love, and met with stony silence, her father's arguments in his favor.

"But she will be mine yet," thought Mott, his evil eyes glistening. "And then I'll teach her that a man like myself is not to be trifled with. If they could only capture Clay Berdsall, and on my testimony send him to prison, I would feel safer," he added, uneasily. "There is no telling when he may turn up and prove his innocence."

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He was musing thus one afternoon, when suddenly he beheld coming down the mountain road, Andrew Crouse and his three sons. There was a fierce eagerness betrayed in the manner in which the four strode forward.

Mott's conscience smote him. "I wonder if they have found out anything," he muttered as he watched them approach.

A few moments later, Andrew Crouse sprang upon the porch of Mott's cabin.

"Jake, Jake!" he cried, "get yo' rifle an' come out here!"

Mott came slowly upon the porch, his Winchester in his hand, and with suspicion in his eyes.

"Clay Berdsall was at our place this afternoon," cried Ike Crouse, excitedly. "Pap shot at him and missed, and he got away. You've got to come and help us catch him. There ain't no time to send for a sheriff. Come on."

Mott drew a sigh of relief, and a moment later the four relentless men were in pursuit of the innocent fugitive.

CHAPTER III.

As Dorinda and Aunt Nancy were preparing to retire that evening—the negress slept on the floor of the room in which stood her mistress' snowy bed—there came a tap at the little window.

"Foh Lawd's sake, honey what war dat?" said Aunt Nancy.

"A branch swinging against the window, I suppose, Mammy," answered Dorinda, indifferently. Her thoughts were busy with her absent lover. Where was he then? Was he safe?

"No, it warn't. Hit war somebody knocked on the window with they's hand," asserted Mammy with conviction. "Heaven save us, mebbe it's that villain, Jake Mott. Jest lak him to come now with yo' paw and the boys gond away."

Dorinda sat up very stiff and straight in her chair. "Mammy, I'm not goin' to marry Jake Mott——"

"But yo' paw done set on hit," exclaimed the negress.

"My father has no right to force me to marry a man whom I detest. I will never marry anyone but Clay."

The tapping came again at the window. Aunt Nancy thrust her head out cautiously.

"Who dar?" she challenged.

"It is I, Clay. Don't you know me, Aunt Nancy," said a deep-toned voice.

Aunt Nancy sank a helpless heap upon the floor. "It's Clay Berdsall's ghost," she gasped.

But Dorinda, at the first sound of her lover's voice had sprung to the window.

"Clay, Clay, are you safe?" she whispered.

"Yes, darling, they haven't caught me yet."

He climbed upon the logs of the building and folded his arms about her. The moon, rising from beyond the mountains, flooded the end of the cabin with its yellow beams.

"Aren't yuh afraid to come to the house in this way, dear?" she asked at last.

"No, love. I knew I was safe in coming. Your father and the boys and Jake Mott are still searching for me over near the Creeche Hill. I can hear the dogs baying faintly now. They passed within a short distance of me this afternoon. One of the dog, your big hound, Bose, trailed me, and would have betrayed me, had I not called him by name; and the blessed brute knew me and crouched down at my feet until the rest had passed."

"Good old Bose," she said. "I would have hated him had he betrayed you. But why have you come back here? It is too dangerous."

"I couldn't go away again without seeing you once more. Oh, dearest, I think of you and long for you always. Think of me, alone in the woods with no chance to see your face. Tell me, oh, tell me that you wont forget me; that, no matter what happens, that you will still be true."

The girl was sobbing. "Oh, how can you doubt me. You know I can never love anyone but you. How could I, after knowing you once? But, oh, Clay, you mustn't stay here. They'll catch you sure."

"Don't drive me away now, dearest. Let me stay with you while I may. Tomorrow I will go away, hiding like a wolf, until something happens to prove my innocence."

"Tomorrow the sheriff and his posse will be searching the hills for you. Father will send word down to Bentonville in the morning," she said, clinging closer to him. "Where is your horse?"

"I've hitched her in a cave where they will not find her. Let us enjoy this moment. God knows when I shall see you again."

The moon rose slowly over the hills. A whippoorwill began calling mournfully in the valley. Aunt Nancy crouched discreetly in a far corner. The two lovers talked in low tones, scarcely noticing how rapidly the time slipped away.

The loud baying of the hounds on an opposite hill caused them to start with terror.

"Paw and the boys are coming home," gasped Dorinda. "Oh, they will catch you."

"Never fear for me," he answered, reassuringly. "Perhaps I can escape on the opposite side of the house through the timber."

"But the dogs. They will scent your trail and overtake you in a few moments. No, no, you must come with me, Clay. Trust to me. I'll hide you. Help me down to the ground, and then follow where I lead you, and for heaven's sake be quick!"

The baying of the hounds sounded closer and closer. Dorinda breathlessly led the way through the orchard to the tiny "payled" garden. There had once stood the large dwelling of Andrew Crouse. When the house was burned one of the tall chimneys was left standing. It stood there yet, silent and ghost like. Aunt Nancy used it as a place to heat water when she washed, and a huge iron kettle sat in its huge mouth. Dorinda led the way straight to the chimney.

"You must climb in there, Clay," she said, trembling. "I will place the kettle so as to cover the mouth, and when all is still I will come and let you out. I will coax the dogs under the house and fasten them so they will not molest you."

With a last embrace Berdsall crawled into the dark, sotty chimney. Dorinda had just reached the house when her father and brothers came into the yard. The dogs fawned about hungrily.

"Ain't you in bed yet, Dorindy?" said her father.

"No, I was waiting for you. The dogs seem hungry. I will feed them. Aunt Nancy left your supper on the kitchen table."

Dorinda adroitly led the hounds beneath the cabin floor, and when the last cur was beneath the dwelling, she rolled a log against the opening through which they had passed. Then she went into the kitchen.

"Dorindy," said her father, when the younger men had eaten and had climbed to the loft to bed, "I want you to tell me what Clay Berdsall said to you today."

"He said he was innocent."

"Innocent; why, his own father thinks him guilty!"

"Yes; but his mother doesn't."

"No; women folks never will listen to reason."

"But, father, I know he did not kill Cousin Amos."

"You know it 'cause he told yoh so," sneered her father.

"Well, I know he ain't 'cause I as good as seen him do hit. An', look here, Dorindy, yo' old father ain't goin' to treat you rough like, but you must give up this foolishness about Clay Berdsall. No murderer can marry my daughter. Now, there is Jake Mott. Him and me had a talk while we were a searchin' for that rascal, Berdsall, and Jake's jist dyin' to marry yuh. Now, why can't you take to that man? He's good lookin' an' rich——"

"Father, how does he make his money?"

"Well, well, I don't know," stammered Crouse. "But he's got it, anyway, an' he'll treat you like the lady yuh should be."

Dorinda buried her face in her arms and burst out crying.

"There, there, now," cried Crouse in dismay. He could never endure to see his daughter in tears. "We wont talk no more about it tonight, honey. Dry your eyes an' go t' bed." He stumbled awkwardly up the stairs to the loft.

The girl waited until everything had grown quiet. Then she crept out to the garden.

"Go, go, now," she whispered, as she released her lover from the chimney.

In one long, lingering kiss he pressed his lips against hers, and then sprang away. She heard him go crashing through the timber. When would they meet again?

CHAPTER IV.

Next day the little Ozark community was stirred from one range of hills to another. Word had been sent to the sheriff of the county, and late in the forenoon he and his hastily sworn posse appeared on the scene. Then the real search for Berdsall began. Men and dogs swarmed over the low mountains, all bent on capturing this one human being, as though he were vermin. What must have been the sensations of the fugitive, as he crouched in the clumps of bushes and heard the shouts of the men and the baying of the hounds! Perhaps his own father had joined in the search. He knew his parent's stern sense of justice, and had no doubt but that Calhoun Berdsall would not hesitate to deliver his own son into the hands of the authorities, if he believed that son guilty of a wilful murder. And only one slender girl up in the cabin on the mountain believed in his innocence. But that was enough for Clay. If Dorinda loved him, what did it matter what the others thought. Only his mother—what did she think?

The sun had passed the meridian and began his long journey downward toward the western horizon when Clay Berdsall ventured forth from the clump of bushes that had concealed him and his horse since the active search began.

He had been unable to escape sooner, for the mob spread in all directions, but now he heard with great relief that the pursuers had passed to another hill, and their shouts grew fainter as the distance increased. He wondered why Jake Mott had not led his party to the spot where he lay concealed. He knew that Mott knew that side of the hill as an open book, and once he fancied he had heard the villain's voice directing the crowd in that vicinity, but for some reason the course of the mob had changed, and now if he could only have ten minutes unmolested, his faithful horse would soon carry him back up the mountain road through a rough stretch of country, where he would be comparatively safe.

He led his horse out into the stony road, sprang into the saddle, and then paused in sudden horror.

Seated on a boulder by the roadside were two strange men. They were tall, magnificent specimens of manhood, and across the lap of each lay a Winchester rifle.

To his great surprise, they did not cover him with their guns, but sat watching him indifferently.

"Good afternoon, stranger," said the older man at last. "Can you tell us what is the cause of the commotion on the hill over yonder?"

"They—they are hunting for a man," said Clay.

"Yes, I supposed they were hunting for something. Who is the fugitive?"

"Clay Berdsall."

"Oh, yes, the man who killed Amos Crouse."

"He did not kill Amos, but they are hunting for him as though he did," said Clay.

"Who did kill Crouse, then?" said the second man, eyeing Berdsall keenly.

"Jake Mott," said Clay, bitterly.

The two men exchanged quick glances, and then conversed together in low tones.

"Can you show us the location of Jake Mott's farm?"

"I could, but——"

"Yes, we understand. You are Clay Berdsall, are you not? But if you are innocent, you can trust yourself with us. If you are guilty, it is our duty to take you with us, anyway. Resistance is useless, as you see we are both armed."

Clay sat on his horse the picture of despair.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula.

No disease is older.

No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.

There is no excuse ever for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, among which are glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates all humors, inherited or acquired, in either sex at any age.

"Who are you?" he asked, despondently.

"You will know later. Have you any friends who would be willing to aid you to prove your innocence?"

"Yes, my mother, and——" faltered Clay.

"Your sweetheart," said the man, smilingly. "Do you think we could see either your mother or the girl, without encountering this mob?"

"I would not dare venture near my father's house, but I think we could get to Andrew Crouse's house without detection."

"Lead the way, then, please, and remember you must not try to escape us. We believe you are innocent, but we must not allow you to leave us until we are sure of it."

A half hour later the three men rode into Crouse's driveway.

Dorinda was sitting in the gallery and did not see them until they hailed her. Then she sprang up with a scream and flew toward Clay.

"Oh, they have caught you," she cried. "You mustn't, mustn't take him, Mr. Sheriff. He is innocent, I know he is."

"Hush, hush, dear. These men do not belong to the sheriff's posse," said Clay, soothingly.

"If you wish to aid your lover, Miss, will you come with us as a witness for the work we have yet to do between this and tomorrow?"

"Oh, if I could only do something," cried Dorinda.

"Well, mount behind the young man and come with us."

A little later the four rode away toward the stony farm of Jake Mott.

* * * * * * *

Jake Mott had been most active in the search for Berdsall. He had hailed the coming of the sheriff with a shout and rushed about among the men, leading to all the hidden spots of the mountain, and urging everyone forward tirelessly. But about noon some of the men remembered that he had set off hallooing lustily down the side of a hill. A few minutes later he had come back as abruptly as he had started and changed the direction of the search.

"No use to look down there, boys," he had said, authoritatively. "He's got further away than that." Half an hour later he had disappeared. The men had wondered at his absence, but were too much interested in the search to stop for conjecture.

Shortly after noon he had appeared at his own cabin.

"What's the matter with ye?" asked a coarse looking man who stood in Mott's kitchen. The man had just lifted a queer-shaped trap-door in the floor and was about to descend the tiny steps that led into the cellar below the house.

"I saw two strange men down on the side of the Creeche Hill," muttered Mott. "They looked like revenue officers, so I just sneaked away from that set of howlin' fools up yonder and come home to give ye warning."

Mott's companion looked alarmed.

"We must go down and make things right," he said.

The two descended the steps and stood in the tiny cellar. Mott rolled a barrel from against one of the walls and an irregular opening was thus disclosed. His companion lighted a candle and the two crawled through the opening, after which Mott carefully placed the barrel in its original position. A long sloping tunnel led forward in the darkness down into the very bowels of the mountain. The two passed hurriedly down this and at last stood in a huge rugged cave. A long beam of yellow light shone through the blackness of the cave. It came from the crack in the door of a rude furnace. Mott threw open this door and the interior was at once illuminated. Above the furnace sat a large circular vat from which a twisting tube coiled away into the tiny ice-cold stream that trickled through the cavity. One acquainted with such surroundings would know at once that here was a secret still. And this was the secret of Jake Mott's wealth. For years he had carried on his illicit business unmolested.

The coarse looking man lifted a keg from the stream, but it slipped from his fingers and fell clattering to the floor. A thousand echoes sounded through the cave as though the mountains had fallen.

"You fool," cried Mott. "Haven't I told you to be careful. There is no telling what a jar may cause in a cave. This roof is far from safe. Why if a gun should be fired in here, the whole thing would collapse."

The man laughed. "Well, we could dig it out again," he said banteringly.

"No; the falling of the rocks would dam up that stream and the whole thing would become an underground lake."

"Well, I'll be careful. What shall we do?"

"Put out that fire. Those revenue devils might stumble on to the place where the smoke comes out on the other side of the mountain."

The man began dipping water from the stream and casting it upon the blazing logs.

"Now, I must go back and join the mob," said Mott. "You keep your eyes open, and—and, Tom, if those revenue fellows should come prowling about the place, and—and you should get the drop on them," he smiled significantly.

"All right, I understand," said Tom, a grin spreading over his uncouth face.

Mott walked quickly back up the tunnel. He pushed aside the barrel and then stepped into the cellar. Then he paused like a baffled panther. He was face to face with two cool looking men who covered him with their revolvers. Behind them stood Clay Berdsall, the man he had injured so dastardly, and by his side stood Dorinda Crouse, the woman he hoped by foul means to claim as his bride.

HAPTER V.

"Dave Kennedy!" gasped Mott, white to the very lips.

"Revenue officers, at your service," replied the elder of the two strangers, with mock politeness.

"What do you want here?" asked Mott, rallying somewhat.

"We have a slight curiosity to examine your snug little cabin. If you will allow us the pleasure we will look about us a little."

"Kennedy," said Mott, in a wheedling, confidential tone, "you think I am up to my old tricks, but I tell you I have led an honorable life here. Ask any of my neighbors."

"What have you to say to this young man?" interrupted Kennedy, drawing Clay Berdsall forward.

Mott eyed Berdsall sullenly. Then his dare-devil courage returned.

"I can tell him to his face that he murdered Amos Crouse," he cried. "Dorinda, how can you come here with your cousin's slayer?"

"He did not kill Amos," said Dorinda, her great eyes flashing. "How dare you say that word to me. You killed Amos, Jake Mott. And you shifted the crime on Clay and have been all day hunting him like a wild beast that you might give him to the authorities to save your own villainous neck."

How those words struck home. Mott reeled and leaned against the wall for support.

"It's a lie, Clay Berdsall killed him," he gasped.

"We will attend to that matter later," said Kennedy. "Our first business is to examine your premises. Mott, you will please lead the way through that opening from which you have just emerged."

"But I tell you there is nothing there. It is—is—just another room to my cellar."

"We will examine the other room to your cellar. Lead on, please."

Mott turned sullenly and crawled back into the dark hole.

"You are to walk slowly before us, and not to give any secret signals as we go," said Kennedy. "Remember, there are three rifles behind you. Graham, strike a light," he added, addressing his companion. "And, Mr. Berdsall, you and the lady may come with us. We need you as witnesses."

Tom Morgan, Mott's assistant in evil doing, had first attempted to extinguish the fire in the furnace. But after his master had left the cave, he had laughed to himself and had gone on with his illicit labor.

"Mott's allers gittin' skeerd of revenue officers," he thought. "It's all foolishness. The raiders never could find this place, anyway, and if I stop now I'll spoil a lot of good material." So he replenished the fire and having filled his pipe, sat down upon a log to wait until the mash had been again brought to a boil. He heard the echoing steps down the tunnel but supposed it was Mott returning with a party of the searchers bent on refreshing themselves after their labors.

"Well, did yuh see anything more of the revenue devils?" he asked, without looking up.

There was no answer. Morgan turned and beheld the invading party. He sat as though turned to stone.

"Open that furnace door," commanded Kennedy.

Morgan obeyed as one in a dream. Immediately the cave was bathed in yellow light from the fire. Dorinda stood looking about her in wondering terror.

"So this is how you have been leading an honorable life, is it, Mott?" said Kennedy, chuckling. "Mr. Berdsall, I must ask you to cover those rascals with your rifle while Graham and I do our work."

The two revenue officers each caught up an ax from the pile of wood near the furnace, and were soon busily engaged demolishing the moonshiner's apparatus.

Mott stood by glowering savagely. But Tom Morgan was trembling visibly.

"Be keerful, be keerful," he cried, as a vigorous blow from Kennedy's ax caused a crackling, rumbling sound in the roof of the cavity. "Don't you know that it ain't safe to make a jar in a cave. You'll cause the roof to come tumblin' in——"

"Shut up, you fool" said Mott, viciously.

In a short time the vat, the worm, and the kegs inthe cave had been rendered useless by the officers' blows.

"Thank heaven, that work is over," said Kennedy, wiping his brow.

"But you haven't proved Clay's innocence yet," said Dorinda, whose thoughts were all of her lover.

"We will attend to that now," said Kennedy, in a businesslike manner. "Graham, you mount your horse and ride to where the crowd is searching for Berdsall. Bring them here with you. Tell them we have found the murderer of Amos Crouse."

Graham departed up the tunnel. The others of the party remained in the fire-lighted cave. Kennedy sat upon a log writing diligently in a note-book. Mott stood with his black eyes fastened steadfastly on the floor. Tom Morgan twisted convulsively under the steady aim of Clay Berdsall's rifle. Dorinda sank down at her lover's feet and waited.

At last, after what seemed an interminable length of time, they heard the footsteps of the crowd and wondering voices calling in the darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

The astonished crowd of men halted at the mouth of the tunnel.

"In the name of thunder," cried Andrew Crouse, catching sight of Dorinda, "what are you doing here?"

"I came with Clay, father," said the girl, quietly.

"It's a still," cried one of the men looking about him curiously.

But most of them were silent. They had been there before. They knew at once what had happened, and chose discretion as the better part of valor.

"But where is the blasted murderer?" cried Ike Crouse.

"Here he is," cried several voices, and the crowd moved towards Clay.

Kenendy arose and waved them back. "Gentlemen, in my belief, there is the murderer," he said, pointing toward Mott.

The men paused.

"Jake Mott, did you murder my nephew?" cried Andrew Crouse, in a terrible voice that went echoing and re-echoing through the cave.

Mott looked up, coolly.

"Yes," he answered. "He said I should never marry Dorinda. He threatened to betray me to the raiders. I killed him, but if you think you will ever be able to send me to prison you are mistaken. I have lost the girl; what do I care for life now."

As he spoke he sprang like a cat to a dark corner of the cave. An instant later he had fired his pistol into the air. As though in reply to the quick reports there was a sharp cracking sound overhead, and a slab of stone fell to the floor.

"The roof's cavin' in," cried Tom Morgan, in terror.

There was a wild scramble for the tunnel. The men rushed headlong up its dark depths crowding madly. The revenue officers, Dorinda, her lover, and her father came last.

Tom Morgan hesitated a moment and then walked deliberately to the dark corner where Mott stood.

As the crowd emerged from the tunnel they heard a volley of pistol shots and then a dull rumbling roar that shook the very earth. They looked at each other with white faces. They knew that Jake Mott, his partner, and his crimes were buried in the depths of the mountain.

Andrew Crouse was the first to break the silence.

"Oh, Dorindy, Dorindy, how can yuh and Clay ever forgive yuh old pap?"

"We are too happy at having escaped; we do forgive." She threw herself sobbing into her lover's arms.

Then she recovered herself quickly and turned to the revenue officers.

"How can we ever thank you."

"Tut, tut," said Kennedy, hastily passing the back of his hand across his eyes. "We are only officers of the law, and have done our duty. Come, Graham, we have other work to do down further in the state."

The two men mounted their horses and rode out of sight and out of this story.

"If only father and mother were here," said Clay, with a long sigh of relief, his arm fondly about Dorinda.

"They'll soon know it," said Andrew Crouse, heartily. "I'll ride over and tell 'em. Come on, boys, we ain't wanted here any more. An', say, boys, if I ain't mistaken there's goin' to be a wedin' up to Andy Crouse's before long," he added with a happy guffaw.

The crowd rode cheering away.

A little later Clay and Dorinda rode slowly along the valley in the long mountain twilight, forgetful of everything in the world except themselves.

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Its Strong Point.

First Boxer—You say the charm does not make one invulnerable?

Second Boxer—No, indeed. I knew ten men who wore it and they were all shot.

First Boxer—Well, I'm going to wear it. The man who sold it to me said that besides making one invulnerable it is a first-class thing for rheumatism.

◆

Ritualism is merely the art of mixing bric-a-brac with our religion.

WHAT WE CALL WEIGHT.

You step upon a weighing machine, drop a penny in the slot, the hand goes around the figured dial, and, stopping at a certain point, tells you that your weight is so many pounds. You know by this, in a sort of comparative way, that there is a certain amount of the matter which composes the universe confined under your skin. You have appropriated a certain portion of it in the construction of your flesh and bones. There is a definite amount of the element combined together which produces an effort upon the machine, and that effect is translated into pounds. You do not know exactly what a pound is, but it is some sort of an arbitrary measure of the force of gravitation, and, after reading the figures on the scale you know how much there is of you by comparison with other objects that have weight and density.

When you stand outside of yourself there seems to be no reason why you should have any weight. The mind, which is the most important part of you, does not appear to have weight, is a matter entirely outside of yourself; you cannot increase or diminish it by any act or will, though sometimes in dreams you seem to have divested your body of the downward pull, which you call weight, and find yourself floating as easily as a mote in a sunbeam. It may be that this is a sort of recollection on the part of the matter which enters into your composition of a time when it was really not subject to this tugging called gravitation, and floated free. In our present environment, however, this law of matter has us in full control, and we cannot escape it for the smallest fraction of a second. It operates steadily all the time, and we are obliged always to take it into account.

But does the scale actually tell us how much we weigh? It simply calculates the balance between two forces that are working against each other, the one tending to drag us down to the center of the earth and the other to send us spinning out into space. The pull of gravitation has the advantage by so many pounds; otherwise we should leave our happy homes in a hurry and start on a journey from which we should never return—going out into space to hobnob with comets and asteroids and other celestial wanderers. This old earth is a whirler and twirler. It has more curves than a baseball in the hands of an expert pitcher. You have seen the experiment of swinging a pail of water over the head without spilling the water. The earth is giving us the same sort of a swing.

It is as if some giant were stationed at the point of space where the center of the earth is, with a string upward of 3,000 miles in length attached to us, and were swinging us around at the end of it. This rate of circular motion is approximately 1,000 miles an hour. It is a pretty rapid swing, and the fact that on account of this rapidity we have a considerable tendency to take a long jump several thousand miles into space, must make a considerable difference in the pressure when we step on the weighing machine.

If the earth were to stop its whirling some day for a short time we should all suddenly become heavyweights, and it is a question whether the ordinary weighing machine would be adequate to measure the tendency which our bodies would have to press toward the center of the earth. It is plain, therefore, that we should weigh a good deal more if it wasn't for the giant swing given us by the planet upon which we are involuntary residents.

In order to tell our real weight it would seem, therefore, that it is necessary to calculate how much of the force of gravitation is counteracted by this circular motion and the constant tendency to fly off at a tangent. But, after all, this would not really indicate our weight. There is a law of physics which tells us that matter attracts according to its mass. Now, suppose that you were to take a journey off to some world that had only 1-100th of the mass of this one, then, when you had stepped upon the weighing machine and dropped in your penny, according to that law you would weigh out 1-100th of the amount indicated by the machines around Pittsburg. If you weigh 150 pounds here you would weigh but a pound and a half there. You would be decidedly in the featherweight class, could repose comfortably on the hardest board, and with the same strength of limb that you now possess could leap over a ten-story building or skip across a wide river.

It really looks as if we did not weigh anything at all, and as if what we call weight was only an incident to our surroundings. We are citizens of the universe, but for the present we are living on the planet called earth, and we are adjusted to the conditions here. We are subject to a certain amount of pull by our earth-mother, but if at any time we acquire the power to journey to other earths and other planets the scales will tell a different story, though there may be no change in the amount of matter composing our bodies. Our weight just happens to be so many pounds because we live on the earth, instead of some other world planet.

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Reuben—The political speech t' other night was the best I ever heard. The speaker made a complete exposure of money, trusts and imperialism. Finest thing I ever listened to. He illustrated every phase of the matter so plainly that a ten-year-old boy could understand all about it.

Joshua—Illustrated it? How'd he do it?

Reuben—Why, he had a Mexican dollar, an oil can and a Filipino cross-bow right there on the platform with him.

He

Sabbath School Teacher (striving to inculcate a love of truth)—Now, Willy, suppose you were to promise your mother that you would come right straight home from Sunday school and then did not do so, what would you be doing?

Willy Waters—Goin' a-swimmin', ma'am.

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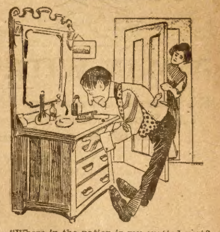
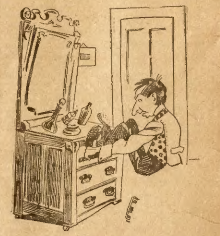
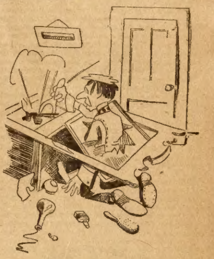
The Absent-Minded Man.



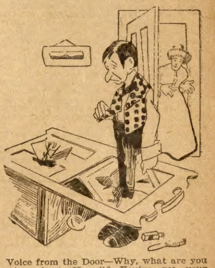
"Where in the nation is my spotted vest? Stuck away in some drawer, I suppose!



"You won't, won't you? Bet I'll get that vest if I have to——



"Break my way in!"



Voice from the Door—Why, what are you raving about, Howell? You've got your spotted vest on!

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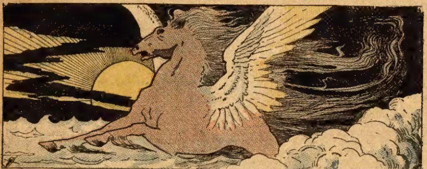
A Point in Precedence.

Mr. Marmaduke-Jones—Society nowadays seems to be made up such a lot of people we don't know.

Mrs. Marmaduke-Jones—Oh, don't put it that way, my dear; say, rather, that society nowadays is made up of such a lot of people who don't know us.



A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

Wonderful Discovery of Professor Satannas---The Remarkable Case of Abel Gray---and the Wierd Creation of Wesley Peabody.

By MARO O. ROLFE.
Author of "A Son of Satan," "A Wooden Indian's Widow," Etc.

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Begun in No. 7, Feb. 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

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CHAPTER IX.

"A GOOD SEND-OFF."

Carncross came back, carrying in a hand that shook the volume for which he had been sent. Satannas met him and supported him to the great rocking-chair, into which he sank with a deep sigh that sounded far away and uncanny, and caused a shudder to convulse the frame of Gray. Flam was holding himself together well.

Again did Doctor Blixton make a careful and critical examination of Carncross. Satannas stood close to him with head turned to catch his faintest whisper.

"He is surely failing. It is impossible for me to say how long he will last; perhaps two or three hours, but he will be past help in an hour and a half and may collapse at any moment."

As he listened to these words the face of Professor Satannas was a study. It expressed despair, then hope, then invincible determination. He ran into the rear room and Blixton followed him. But he stood where he could see Carncross and Gray and Flam, and watched the trio as he said, in a low, intense tone:

"Blixton, this must not, shall not be a failure. I have accomplished a wonderful thing, the like of which no man has ever achieved before. To fail now would be terrible. I owe it to Carncross as well as to myself and to you and our friends out there to repair my oversight in giving Carncross too little of the stimulating medicine and leaving him with an insufficient cardiac vitality. It will take an hour to prepare another potion of the crystal drops of life and they must be administered to him at the instant of the completion of the final mixture or they will have no effect upon him. Now, I must have your help, Doctor. You must find a way to bridge Carncross over this period of uncertainty. You must keep that man up until I am ready to take him in hand again, Blixton. Do you hear me? You must do it!"

"That may not be possible, Satannas. I can think of only one chance and that is by exciting him mentally, and even that might hasten his end; but is a chance in his favor, for if we cannot stimulate him in that way he will be past your aid when the crystal drops of life are ready for him. By the way, Professor, will you tell me what that medicine is? It might be well for the patient if I knew that."

"That!" cried Satannas, "I will tell no man now. There is no time to discuss the matter," he went on, seeing that Blixton was about to insist, "and you will show your usual good sense by making some practical suggestion. How would you excite Carncross?"

"He does not know us, he does not know himself, and he has no knowledge of his past," commented Blixton.

"Except for his years and his education he might as well have been born in this room three hours ago," answered Satannas. "I have been afraid to let him known his identity. I thought the shock might kill him."

"And, now," said Blixton, "nothing short of that can save him."

Satannas uttered a sharp exclamation, then became thoughtful. At length he spoke curtly:

"Very well. It shall be as you suggest. Come on."

They rejoined the group in the outer room and Satannas straightened out a newspaper which he took from a drawer behind Carncross and put it right side up in Carncross' hands.

"Carncross," he said, using the man's name for the first time in his hearing and waiting with bated breath for whatever was to follow.

But Carncross made no sight. The name was nothing to him.

"I am going to fix up some medicine for you," Satannas went on, "and while I work for you I want you to do something for me. I have had no time to read the news of the day and you must read it for me. Begin there, Carncross." And he pointed a long, trembling finger to an account, on the first page of the paper, of the funeral of Carncross the day before.

Hood Carncross read rapidly and with intelligent expression, enunciating every word of the article clearly and distinctly, but he read that report of his own obsequies with as much unconcern as if a man at the antipodes had been referred to. He pronounced the names of his brother, his sister, and other relatives with no more emotion than he would have betrayed had they been the names of men and women of whom he had never heard of until that moment. After he had finished he sat silent and thoughtful.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Satannas, leaning toward the figure in the big rocker.

"I think they gave that man Carncross a pretty good send-off, and I hope he deserved it. Don't you think there's a lot of good language wasted on dead people whom it cannot benefit that might better be applied to living men and women whom it might encourage in struggles and trials?"

"That may be," was Satannas' cynical reply, "but I don't think Carncross has any right to complain."

"Then you believe he did not deserve such high praise; is that it?"

"No; but I think he ought to be glad to be alive to read it."

"But he is not alive if this article is true. Here it is said that he was buried yesterday."

"And so he was, and I went last night and disentombed him and in his coffin I brought him to this place and restored him to life. I—I, Satannas, the one man on earth who has the secret power. See here!" Satannas dragged a cloth-covered casket from concealment. "See here! This is the dead man's coffin, and you, Hood Carncross, are the dead man that I, Satannas, brought to life! Here! Here is your name engraved. See!"

What would be the effect of this ghastly disclosure on the man in the rocket? Satannas, Blixton, Gray and Flam regarded him with eyes that protruded from their faces.

CHAPTER X.

"THE GAME'S THE THING."

"Try to comprehend," urged Professor Satannas. "You were dead and I restored you to life. This was your coffin in which your sorrowing friends buried you. Except that I put some shoes on your feet, you are still dressed in your grave clothes. Even yet they smell of the earth."

Hood Carncross leaned back in the big rocking-chair and looked the speaker in the face with eyes that were full of questioning.

"Do you understand?" asked Doctor Blixton.

"This gentleman," continued Satannas, placing his hand on the doctor's shoulder, and again addressing Carncross, "is your family physician who attended you in the illness which culminated in your death. He is Doctor Blixton. Do you not remember him?"

Carncross hook his head wonderingly.

"And this gentleman here at my right is your old schoolmate and friend, Abel Gray. Surely you have not forgotten him, Carncross?"

The man in the chair looked at the doctor and then at Gray.

"I suppose a man should remember people who have been so close to him," he said, "but I have no recollection of these gentlemen."

"Nor of this other gentleman, Ilger Flam, in whom you reposed a degree of confidence that influenced you to make him the executor of your last will and testament?" pursued the Professor.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," and Carncross bowed to Flam, to Gray, to Blixton and to Satannas in turn, "but I do not remember ever having seen either of you before today. But you say I am Hood Carncross. That does not appear probable to me, but I don't know myself any better than I know you, strange as that seems to me, and I'll go to the late home of Hood Carncross—the paper says it was at 1229 Appledean street in this city—and, if his relatives welcome me I shall have to credit the astounding statements you have just made; if they fail to recognize me I shall consider that Professor Satannas is a past master in the ancient art of sensational lying and that you other gentlemen are assisting him to play a ghastly and senseless practical joke on a man in misfortune. Have I a hat here?"

"A hat was not a part of your outfit, my friend," replied Satannas, quickly, "but I am able to supply your deficiency in that respect and will gladly do so when you are ready to go."

"I am ready now."

"You are not yet strong enough," said Doctor Blixton. "Some necessary medicine is being prepared for you and you must not think of leaving us until you have benefited by it. In the meantime you must rest, but I beg of you not to drop asleep. We all want to do what we can to help you. Professor Satannas will get the medicine ready for you, our friends Gray and Flam will remove this casket which cannot be a plasant sight to you, and I will get you out of those grave clothes and dress you in some of those in which Satannas is wont to array himself. Satannas is a good dresser and you will lose nothing by the exchange; but I can't promise you a god fit, for Satannas is a six-footer and you are a trim little man, if you will pardon my reference to your stature."

"And it is well that he is a small man," broke in Satannas, "else I never should have been able to haul him and his box up out of that hole in the ground, load him into my wagon and pack him in here."

"I do not feel at all horrified by this raiment," declared Carncross. "I think I will wear it. At any rate I don't want to wear any other man's clothes, except, perhaps, the hat Professor Satannas has so kindly offered to loan me. I suppose I owe something to you gentlemen and I will humor you by remaining long enough to take the medicine you are preparing for me, though I really don't think I need it after that, if I am really Hood Carncross, I shall be provided for and will gladly repay you for any trouble and expense you may have incurred on my account."

Satannas waved one hand impatiently toward Carncross, as if to express displeasure at his offer to pay for what had been done for him, and with his other hand he took up a graduate and held it up to the light to make sure that there was no speck of dust upon its crystal surface, outside or inside, and then, without more words, he addressed himself to the task of compounding his mysterious prescription.

At a sign from Doctor Blixton, Gray and Flam drew their chairs close to his own, which was right in front of that occupied by Carncross, and the four engaged in an animated conversation which was not less interesting to Carncross than to the others, for, directed by the doctor, it was determined but fruitless attempt to make the man in the big rocker remember something of his past life.

As he worked, Satannas watched them warily, alert for the slightest indication that Carncross would remember. After a time he called Blixton to him and inquired anxiously as to Carncross' present condition and the prospect that he might retain sufficient strength to be benefited by the crystal drops of life, when, at length, they should be ready.

"Well," answered Blixton, "it is about impossible for me to estimate the effect upon him of your revelation. He's cooler than I would have thought any man could be in his place. I suppose the whole truth is too incredible for anyone to believe offhand, and it may be that his mental condition dulls his perceptions and incapacitates him to grasp the situation as it is. But I am free to say that he is as bright and peart as one could reasonably expect him to be. As to his strength, there don't seem to be any diminution during the last few minutes and his heart is pumping away promisingly. He appears likely to keep up till you can get that potion of yours ready. If he takes that and it don't hold him, I fear nothing else will, and look for his speedy and final dissolution."

"For God's sake, keep him going—anyway—anyway in your power!" pleaded Satannas. "Try to interest him in something, so he will not fall asleep, for if he should do that he might never wake again."

Blixton shook his head solemnly.

"No," he said, bluntly. "He will perhaps never open his eyes again in this world if we permit him to sleep. That is the last thing to be thought of, Satannas. Carncross used to play a good game of poker. If he hasn't forgotten now, and I can get him at it, I have little fear that he will go to sleep with the cards in his hand."

"The game's the thing!" cried Abel Gray.

CHAPTER III.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG."

The doctor got a pack of cards from its place on a small shelf and, placing a stand before Carncross, sat down with it between them and began to perform tricks with the smooth-slipping pasteboards, a diversion at which he was an adept. Suddenly Carncross reached out for the cards and began to shuffle them rapidly.

"What do you say to a turn at poker?" asked Blixton.

"That will suit me," answered Carncross, "but, of course, there can be no stakes, for there's no money where you say I came from and I don't seem to have been provided with even the traditional coin with which to pay my ferriage across the Styx."

The doctor and his companion laughed at this grim pleasantry and Satannas, who heard it, as he did every word that the others said, could not restrain two or three guttural cachinations.

"We'll forego the stakes this time," replied the doctor, and the two began to play.

It was soon apparent that Carncross had not forgotten whatever he had learned about poker, for he was getting the better of his opponent with nearly every hand.

"It seems a pity to hold so many good cards and have nothing to show for it," commented Carncross. "If I'm the man you say I am, my credit should be good with you. If you want to back your statements with a little cash, provided I can win it, I am in favor of your putting down enough money to pay me for my time and trouble. What do you say to a dollar a hand?"

"That's what I call a fine example of the ruling passion strong in death," thought Satannas, who was watching the play from a distance.

"The proposition meets with my approval," replied Blixton.

"Perhaps you two gentlemen would like to come in on the same terms?" Carncross went on, insinuatingly, looking first at Gray and then at Flam.

Flam and Gray had vivid recollections of some of Carncross' former successes with cards, but made no reference to them and entered the game with a cheerful show of interest, though, to speak the truth, they fully expected to lose some money.

Results vindicated their judgment. Gray had soon lost fifteen dollars and Flam and the doctor had fared even worse. Carncross was crumpling up his winnings and thrusting them into an inner pocket when Doctor Blixton saw him reel unsteadily on his chair. He soon braced himesif up, however, and sat smiling triumphantly into the faces of his companions.

"Do you want some more?" he asked, in what seemed to them a fit of glee most ghastly. "I don't want to be hard on you," he went on, banteringly, "and I am willing to give you, one or all, revenge if you can get it out of the pack."

The doctor would have replied, but before he could speak, Carncross, who had now turned toward Satannas, called out in a voice that sounded unpleasantly hollow and unnatural:

"See here, Professor! I'm somewhat sixty-five dollars ahead of the game and if your charges are not too high perhaps I can settle with you now for the service you claim to have rendered me. If you are really able to raise the dead, I advise you to have a care lest at some time you wake up someone who will promptly sue you for damages, for I'm quite sure there are many who don't want to come back. But in a case like that you'd have rather the advantage, for the plaintiff would have to prove damages sustained solely on the testimony of ghosts whom it might not be possible to bring into court, for no mortal could have competent knowledge. Now, just to try your sporting blood, I suggest that you make out your bill, and then we'll double it and let a poker hand decide whether I pay it or you go without it. Professor, how does that proposition strike you?"

"You don't know how weirdly and foolishly you're behaving," answered Satannas, "because you don't believe you have been dead and buried and brought to life again. If you could see your situation and your yet dangerous condition, as they are, you would not be so free with your untimely attempts at wit. Once and for all, I want to assure you that I have no bill to present to you, now or never, for whatever I may have done for you, whether you appreciate it or not. In five minutes your medicine will be ready and if you don't take it you will be a dead man in less than an hour. Try to be serious, Carncross."

If Satannas had thought by these brutal declarations to excite his charge he had failed, for Carncross was strangely apathetic and his only reply was a grin of mingled scorn and incredulity. After he had thus mutely but forcefully given expression to his opinion of Satannas and his alleged miraculous power, his chin suddenly dropped to his chest and he appeared about to go to sleep.

Satannas saw this movement and so did the doctor and the two of them jerked Carncross to an erect position and shouted to him that he must keep awake or die. He muttered something about "tired nature's sweet restorer," and closed his eyes again.

The doctor and the professor raised him to his feet and, at a sign from Satannas, Blixton put an arm around him and began walking him up and down the room. Gray stepped forward to assist him, but was stopped by Satannas.

"No," said the professor, "he can do very well alone. I am sorry to have to ask you and Flam to go now. Carncross' condition is most critical. From now on until the outcome, whatever it may be, I must be alone with him, except, perhaps, for the necessary presence of Doctor Glixton. Go, now, and if you are needed I will send for you. Wait at Rotchkie's until you hear from me."

"But, Satannas, you know how deeply Gray and I must be interested in this affair," began Flam. "Surely——"

"There's no time for words. When there is, I shall be able to show you that you are wrong and I am right, just as I have done many times before. ~~Please~~ go on, Flam, and you, Gray." And gently but firmly Satannas pushed the two out into the hall and closed the door behind them and turned the key in the lock.

Gray and Flam swore as they descended the steps and started off in the direction of Rotchskie's, and when they had arrived there they proceeded to drown their displeasure in copious and frequent drinks. But, drunk or sober, Satannas knew they would be true to him and to their mutual interests.

Turning again toward Blixton and Carncross, Satannas saw that the latter had revived a little and that the doctor was urging him to a faster walk.

"That's right, Blixton," he called out. "Keep him moving. It's our only hope for him. He must be kept up till the crystal drops of life are ready. I will not waste an instant."

The professor ran to the corner of the room where he had been working and, seizing the vial he had recently laid down, began to shake it with feverish eagerness depicted on his face. As he did so he watched it intently, as if waiting for something that was difficult of attainment. Except for the

A GREAT STORY
OF
LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

In next week's Ledger Frank T. Mann's thrilling novelette, "The Witch of Cavilbao" will begin. It is a narrative of wild dangers and deeds in the Arizona mountains, a story of how a sinner was tracked to death by a woman.

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IT IS FOR YOU!

quick and nervous motion of his hand he might have been a statue.

For two minutes he sat thus, agitating the liquid in the vial and staring at it fixedly and with so much evident interest that it appeared to Blixton, as he half-dragged Carncross up and down the room, that Satannas had no care for aught in the universe not contained in that tiny cylinder of glass.

Suddenly Satannas waved a signal to Blixton to again seat Carncross in the chair. Carncross appeared to be wide awake now and the doctor judged he was not sorry to rest from his enforced walking.

Carncross sat down. His position was bolt upright and he appeared as strong as at any time since Satannas had brought Blixton, Flam and Gray to the rooms.

The doctor again felt his pulse and noted his heart-beats.

"Wonderful," he whispered to Satannas, who now approached with a graduate in his right hand and two small vials in his left hand.

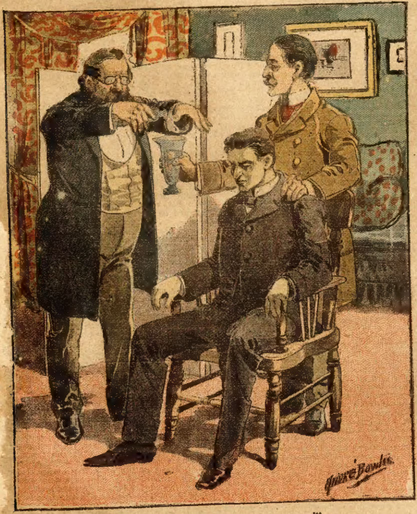
"What?" asked Satannas, impatiently, as he handed the graduate to Blixton.

"Wonderful how he has kept up."

"Oh, that is only because of the excitement he has been laboring under," replied the professor. "You were right, Blixton, if we hadn't jarred his intellect and livened up his heart by telling him who he is and what he was, he would have been dead again some time ago. But now to complete my bungling work and make my triumph over death certain and permanent. Keep your hand on his shoulder and hold the graduate steady. Now—now I am going to empty into the contents of this first vial. Not a tremor, Blixton; not a tremor, old man."

"All right. Go ahead."

Another installment of this exceedingly curious story will appear next week. Readers will find our free cameras and patterns announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.



"Not a tremor, Blixton—not a tremor!"

◆

A Dangerous Fad.

The Woodpecker—What do you think of this salt cure fad?

The Bluejay—It's a fraud. The time that a small boy sprinkled some on my tail it came nearly being the death of me.

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CURE ROUND SHOULDERS.

A straight, upright figure is something that all women wish to possess, but one which they seem to take very little pains to obtain. They seem to think that they may hold themselves anyhow and everyhow, and yet achieve this happy result. But though round shoulders may be cured when a person is older, prevention is far better than cure, and a child should be so looked after that her shoulders are always straight and flat.

Not only should a child be well drilled and taught to dance, but she should never be allowed to stoop over anything. She should lie down either on a backboard or on the floor for several hours a day, with nothing under her head except a very thin book. She should do this until she is fifteen or sixteen, and has got her full strength; she should take tonics and cod-liver oil, and be kept perfectly strong and well. Her stays should fit her well, and she should wear braces also if she shows the least sign of a weak back, or appears as if she could not help stooping.

In the case of round shoulders in later years, the cure, though almost certain, takes very much longer to accomplish, and, unless the strictest rules are laid down and rigidly followed, it is no use trying to get rid of this deformity, for it is a real deformity, and one which makes the person who is afflicted with it both conspicious and unpleasing.

To begin with, the very best and most nourishing foods must be taken, as weaknesss of constitution or health is one of the first causes of round shoulders. You should take a strong iron and quinine tonic; and if it is cold weather when you begin the cure, take cod-liver oil as well. If this is apt to disagree, take cream instead. You must keep regular hours as to meals and sleep, and have plenty of outdoor exercise, only without exertion. Walking is about the best exercise to take, though riding and bicycling may be indulged in when you are getting better.

You must be careful to sleep on a hard mattress; never a feather bed, and you must also take care that your pillows are not raised too much, as this is apt to throw your head forward and add to the rounded shoulders, instead of making them any better. You must be very careful always to walk very straight, and never lounge along the road. The way to do this is to hold the shoulders well ack, the chin well in the air, to look straight forward on a level with your eyes, and never droop the head and go through life looking for pins on the grounds.

You should also very often hold your hands behind your back, and walk this way up and down a room or out of doors for ten minutes at a time, when you have nothing better to do. You must also lie flat on a backboard or the floor for several hours a day. You should also practice walking up and down the room with a book balanced on your head. This will make you hold your head very upright, and help to cure the ugliness of your round shoulders.

Dancing is also capital and you should either have a course of drilling by a master, or go through gymnastic exercises in your own room night and morning. This should be done when you are undressed, the exercises should be regular, and not continued too long at a time. Dumb-bells should be regularly used, but light wooded ones that weigh about two pounds the pair; it is the exercise that you get with them, not their heaviness, which will do you good. Games are very good, except those where you have to bend your body to make a stroke, such as golf, hockey, or croquet. Tennis and lacrosse are both to be advised, as these games induce an upright carriage, and do not conduce to rounded shoulders.

You should also be very careful about your clothes, and never wear anything which is too heavy in texture, and apt to drag at all from the shoulders. If there is any weight felt from the skirt dragging, you should attach straps to the band, and pass them over the shoulders. All stays should be very loose; if the back feels at all weak, and is apt to get overtired with any exertion, you should wear braces. These can either be made at home, from a pattern, or you can be fitted for them at a good surgical instrument maker's.

On no account must you stoop over your work or reading, as this is very bad, indeed. If you are sewing, you must sit in a very low chair, and one that has a straight back to lean against. If by any chance you have to sit on a high chair to do your work, you must see that you have a footstool. In writing, you should either sit at a table which is the proper height, or you should always use a sloped desk; and in reading never hold the book on your knee, but hold it up, and lean back and sit upright while reading.

◆

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HAIR?

What Everybody Wants to Know.

Itching scalp and falling hair and dandruff are the forerunners of baldness.

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A dainty bottle of Cranitonic Hair Food and a tiny cake of Cranitonic Shampoo Scalp Soap will be sent Free by mail to every reader of the Chicago Ledger.

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LOVE WENT BACK.

BY E. M. COLSON.

Love came down to earth one day—dear, dear little Love, with his heart of gold and his jeweled pinions—at the simultaneous call of two Chicago mortals who thought they needed him sorely. Because they both lived in the same huge apartment building, and because both calls reached him at the same moment, Love declined to bring them together.

Matters looked quite promising at first; the two love-hungry mortals had met already and were decidedly interested in one another. But Love, upon looking the ground over a little more closely, shook his sunny, golden head a little dolefully. Both of them were a little selfish, he speedily discovered, and selfishness is hard for Love to endure.

"I expect I shall find my patience tried sorely trying to do anything with them," he mused. "Most likely, after I have expended a great deal of trouble upon them, they will either send me to the rightabout in a hurry, turn me out entirely, or else do something to disgust me so utterly that I shall have to flee to save my own peace of mind and happiness. Dear me, but I do have hard times with these mortals, especially after they have passed their thirty-fifth birthday."

For Love, being perennially and perpetually young and child-hearted himself, finds it a little hard to understand just why mere motrals grow old so quickly without his saving grace. He has grown quite used to rejuvenating men and women by his simple presence, but he doesn't understand the problem a bit better for that. He soon found that he couldn't understand Harry Heathcote and Alicia Blitherstone at all. Sometimes he thought that he should have to give them up finally as a bad job. But he did all that he could for them, notwithstanding, for Love it a good little god at heart, and he loves to succeed in his endeavors quite as much as do ungodlike mortals.

Two or three days after the engagement had been announced the lovers were conversing. Love, unseen, hung over their shoulders and listened.

"You'll be ready to give up all your clubs and become quite domesticated for my sake, wont you, dearest?" asked the young man.

"Frankly, no," answered the woman lover decidedly. "Will you be willing to give up all your clubs for my sake?"

"Frankly, no," admitted the man.

Love sighed and shivered impatiently.

"You will not interfere with my liberty?"

"Not in the slightest. Nor you with mine?"

Again Love sighed in weariness. This time he left his position behind them and moved toward the door. The bargaining spirit is repulsive to the little golden god.

"If I grow weary of your sole companionship you will not object if I seek that of others?"

"I shall probably have to ask your indulgence in a similar regard."

Love went out softly and closed the door behind him.

They might marry; oh, yes, but there would be no more calls for his presence. Where self-sacrifice is not there Love, the real, perfect little god of glory, can never be.

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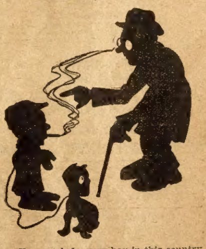
◆

Why It Failed.

Us farmers we got up a trust
 To gain the wealth we lacked.
The scoffers said that it would bust;
 Which proved to be a fact.

We furnished offices upstairs,
 But quarreled most profound
'Bout which should sit in easy chairs
 An' which should plow the ground.

◆



"Yes, my lad, every boy in this country has a chance to be president."

"Well, say, boss, I'll sell yer my chanst fer a quarter."

◆

A Slight Drawback.

First Telepathist—Every science has its weak points.

Second Telepathist—What is the matter with ours?

First Telepathist—Well, last summer I went away off in the woods to enjoy a quiet and undisturbed rest and I hadn't been there two days when I received a telepathic message from the president of the society wanting to know if I could let him have fifty dollars when I came back.

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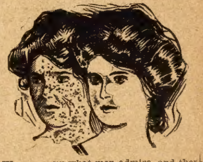

Women envy what men admire, and there is nothing men admire more than beauty in women. This is probably the foundation of the wonderful success made by Mrs. Josephine Le Blare in her new discovery. This discovery is termed A Beauty Producer. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, and contains neither oil, grease, paste, chemicals, nor poisons of any kind. The Beauty Producer not only gives a permanent, clear and refined complexion, but deals with the lines of time that creep about the eyes and mouth—it rounds out the hollow places and brings out beauty. It cleans the skin of all imperfections, such as freckles, pimples, sallow complexion, red nose, blotches, etc., and leaves the skin soft, clear and velvety.

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THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

Love never finds a burden too heavy for it to tackle.

The most of our mistakes come from being in a hurry.

Wise is the man who can keep appearances up and expenses down.

It would be pretty tough on some men if others did the right thing by them.

Discretion is the salt that preserves life, and fancy is the sugar that sweetens it.

Every man is all right in his way, but a lot of them are right in the way of others.

Don't talk at random. Make everything you say hit the mark or save your ammunition.

When a fool parts with his money the chances are that some other fool gets part of it.

Some men use Sunday as a sort of sponge to wipe out the sins they committed during the previous six days.

Manila harbor is to be improved, though it is admitted that it is much less dangerous than when Admiral Dewey sailed into it the first time.

Ex-King Milan of Servia is dead. More might be said were it not for the time-honored precept, "Concerning the dead, say only what is favorable."

Gen. Joe Wheeler, despite his years, is a noted walker. As a promoter of sprinting he also holds an enviable record, as Spaniards and Filipinos can testify.

Delaware is considering a bill to establish a whipping-post for wife-beaters. There is a constant effort everywhere to promote the harmony of the fireside.

Two Chicago men died in the streets while waiting for trolley cars the other night, but the coroner's jury decided that death was not wholly due to old age.

The great dam across the Nile at Assouan has been completed and now Egypt need no longer speculate upon the rise of the [illegible]-bring[illegible] water. The great river will [illegible] n it is needed and as high as [illegible] ypt's corn crops will now be

REENIE'S BURGLAR MAN.

The Strange Story of a Thwarted Theft---What Time and Fate Brought to Two Who Did Not Know.

By ED. D. WILSON.
Author of "Old Kaintuck and Tennessee," Etc.
Written for the Chicago Ledger.

Begun in No. 8, Feb. 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

Fourteen years have been lulled to sleep in the cradle of the past, and Reenie Ree has grown into a regally beautiful woman of eighteen; with her father's robust and well-rounded form and her mother's matchless face, she reigned a qneen in Chicago's halls of culture and refinement, unsurpassed in gentleness, kindness and deeds of charity and benevolence.

In all these years she had not forgotten the lone graves in the church yard and the flowers are blooming there, this bright June morning that were rooted and cultured by her fair hands alone.

Father and daughter were sitting in his "den" chatting or reading, as it suited them best, when he asked her:

"Where shall we spend this summer, meum carus?"

"I will leave that entirely to—no, I will not either, Pappee Dict, for—for Rix wishes to go to—but what do I care what Rix Vandyke wants? So, I will say we will, with all due deference to the approval of your honorable highness, go to the land of the golden gates and spend the summer where we can hear old ocean roar."

"You mentioned Rix. How are you and he getting along in the garden where grow the poppies of——"

"Poppies! That's it, for we just don't get along at all; that is, sometimes I think I love him, then again there comes a doubt. I just cannot explain the fluctuations in the market of my affections. Can you, thou great and mighty Senator of the United States from Chicago?" she asked gaiy as she playfully twirled his mustache, now tinged with gray.

"There are markets and then there are still other markets, and they go up so high sometimes that it makes their heads swim; and then they come tumbling down again and that makes the head of the other fellow swim—just like you do Rix, poor fellow, but the market of love—love, true, undying, undecaying love, never dies, never 'fluctuates,' never grows dim, but just makes its nest in the most sacred chamber of your heart, there to live, there to nestle when the winds of adversity blow their loudest blast, there to blossom into a fragrance unsurpassed when the sun of prosperity goes sailing adown the hill of—but, pshaw, what an old crank I am getting to be——"

"Go on, go on, Pappee Dict, no wonder they sent you to the senate, for you are a noble defender of—of things that you like, things that you have planted in the sacred archives of your heart. You did not finish—you cut a sentence in twain with a sigh, so please finish it, pees, sir, Pappee Dict."

"I let my feelings run out too freely, but this is all I have to say to you, never agree to marry any man unless you are absolutely certain that you love him, and when you are sure of it do not tarry at its threshold but enter boldly in and at once take possession of its treasures, its pleasures and its ecstatic happiness that no time can kill and no tide effervece—but here is Rix; here, take the lady oft my—there, there, you have—take her at once, Rix, or I'll——"

A tap on the cheek, a kiss to take it off, and she ran out to get ready to go boating with Rix Vandyke, the most persistent of all her would-be lovers. She soon returned, and they went out upon the waters of the lake, as another two did in the days long gone by. They rested upon the oars of silence for some time, and then:

"Well, Rix, where are you going to spend your vacation? Pappee Dict and I have about concluded to go to the land of flowers, oranges and flees to stay a month or two, but you—that's most too far from home for you, isn't it, Rixy?"

"No place is too far for me, if—if you are there, Miss Tantrum——"

"Come, Mr. Sprunty, I like boating better than I do sentiment, so hold your oars, and float with the tide."

"That is what I have been doing long enough, 'just floating with the tide' of your caprices, your procrastination until I just must know whither my lifeboat, my loveboat, is drifting upon the breakers of sorrow, unhappiness and despair, or whether it will be piloted by your gracious majesty's will, and guided by your sweet love into a haven where no tempests of unhappiness, no storms of sorrow, no single thing, save joy, and a happiness supreme can enter in. Reenie, Reenie, will you, oh, will you not take the rudder of my lifeboat, that contains the all in all of my future, into those dear hands and guide my sinking ship in safety into the harbor of love to find sweet rest and a happiness divine evermore."

Up and down, up and down, the little boat bobbed as this young man pleaded for the love of the beautiful young woman, who sat so serenely there, and listened to his impassioned voice that found no responsive vibration in her heart; for, try as she had done, and might do, she did not love him with that love that her father had portrayed; that love that, to a woman, is just all the world or nothing. He was handsome, talented, aristocratic, in fact, everything the most fastidious might require—everything except the one thing needful, and that was the most essential ingredient, the essence of existence, the perfume that permeated and exhilirated; but that was missing from her heart, and so:

"No, Rix; I do not love you sufficiently to mar—to do what you wish just now, and I never may, but there is one thing in your favor, if you care to consider it, and that is, I do not love anyone else, and you may take that as a seed of comfort and together we may finally induce it to grow into a tree whereon the fruit of love may eventually mature."

"But, Reenie, listen to me, you know that I love you better than my life, my honor, my very soul's salvation; that I would willingly, gladly lay my life——"

"There! You are going over the same path again. 'Die for me' is foolish, novelish and extremely silly. No woman wants a man to die for her, she wants him to live for her and make her happy. There, I am getting silly myself. No, I cannot, nay, I will not marry you, or anyone else, unless I know that I sincerely and truly love, love like Pappee Dict told me about. Oh, do hush, you are getting to be so tiresome when you talk like—as you have this day. Now, don't you dare to talk to me like that again until I—I tell you to—give you leave. There, take me home, like a good boy, and I'll forgive you this time."

When they had arrived at her home, she looked at him in a kind of tantlizing way, that he would have cursed a man for, and asked demurely:

"You have not yet told me where you are going to spend your vacation?"

"In hades, I expect!" he answered, sourly.

"Why, how jolly!" she said, clapping her hands gleefully, "that is the very place for you, in your present mood; you could make love to the angels, help them 'tend the fires. Wouldn't that be nice. Do go, Rixy, dear, for they have such a cute way, so I am told, of entertaining their friends and giving them such a roasting good time, and such a very warm reception. When do you start, Rixy?" sweetly.

"I don't have to start at all, for I have been in the suburbs ever since I was fool enough to give my love to you. I have been there for some time——"

"Oh, have you, really? I thought you smelled kind of sour, singed, or something. By, by, Rixy; we start for California next Tuesday. So long."

She went into the house and left him standing at the door in body, and in the lower depths of hades in heart and feelings.

"I'll have her, money and all, or—or I'll die for it, the little vixen," he remarked to the sidewalk confidentially, as there came a look into his face that it was extremely well for him that the object of his remarks was not there to see.

"Miss Tantrum" watched him from her window, on the second floor, and saw him go leisurely into the ticket office, across the way, and then she turned to her mirror, nodded to the handsome reflection there, and smiled softly to herself.

CHAPTER VII.

ATTACKED BY A MAD DOG.

"Mad dog! Mad dog! Look out! Run! Fly! Everybody!" was the startling cry that fell in horrible accents on the ars of those unfortunate ones who were upon a certain street of a noted summer resort in California. Then there was a yelling of men, a screaming of women and a mad scramble for places of safety by hundreds of pedestrians who had been walking along in idle converse, or rush of business. Into doorways, up side streets, into places of business they rushed helter-skelter, knowing no one, caring for themselves alone, when the time of danger had arrived. The street was quickly denuded of its great crowd, and was soon entirely deserted except by an unfortunate few, who either thought it a fake, or could not get to a place of safety in time.

FREE TO ALL WHO HAVE FITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness or St. Vitus's Dance, have children or relatives that do so, my New Discovery (Epilepticide) will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for my FREE REMEDIES and try them. Sent with complete directions, express prepaid. Please give AGE and full address.

W. H. MAY, M. D.,
94 Pine Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Among the last named was a young lady and gentleman who were crossing the street at the time the alarm was sounded. They saw the ferocious looking animal near them and turned to escape, but the huge beast was almost upon them when they had reached the center of the crossing—a great monster with eyes of blood and snapping teeth.

"Quick, Reenie! Come this way; hurry, for God's sake. Run; great God, he is upon her!" almost shrieked Rix Vandyke, as he rushed frantically into a store and was safe.

"Shame, shame! The coward, the cur, the whelp," came form the windows above the streets, the stores around, and from other places of safety.

Reenie Ree was so paralyzed with horror that she was absolutely helpless for the first time in her life, and she seemed to be frozen to the stones beneath her feet so that she could not move hand or foot, and so the great mad creature found her an easy prey.

With a mad rush, a ferocious growl, he reared up and placed his muddy and frothy paws upon her tender breast; she could see his foaming, blood-stained mouth and glittering teeth, she could feel upon her death-hued cheek his polluted breath, and she could almost feel his awful fangs fasten in her quivering flesh as she looked into his vicious and bloodshot eyes that seemed to rivet hers with a deadly fascination.

Just then a man ran up to them with a loud shout as if to take the attention of the terrible animal away from his horror-stricken victims; the man had a gun, but was afraid to shoot for fear of killing her, so he struck at the dog again and again, yelling all the while at the top of his voice, and for one single second he succeeded in attracting the attention of the animal away from the shuddering girl.

"Why don't you shoot him?" "Knock him on the head, you fool!" "Don't stand there yelling like an infernal idiot—kill the beast!" was some of the encouraging and flattering advice received by the man from the windows around and other places of safety.

Not acting upon the advice but upon his own courageous will, the man aimed a fearful blow at the head of the animal, and might have killed or disabled it had not Reenie given it a push that made the blow land on the stones and break the gun in two. The man gave a mighty yell of horror and cast the piece of gun away, and took to his heels and ran to a place of safety, followed by hisses and groans from the crowd, which immediately changed to a great shout of joy as a horseman, clothed in the garb of a cowboy, was seen coming along the street like a tornado with his long black hair dancing in the breeze, and his dark eyes flashing in the sunlight.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! A great hush fell upon the air as if the dead were lying there. Would he, could he, be in time, for the beast is again upon the half-fainting girl, and she made a mighty—a last effort—with the courage of her father, and with a dying hope, she threw her handkerchief over the eyes of the maddened beast with one hand and struck him with all her might, with the other, full in the face.

And then the horseman was upon them like a thunderbolt. Just as he got up to them he leaned forward and downward and grasped the beast by the nape of the neck and lifted it to the front of his saddle with the grace of a woman and the ease of an athlete!

And then a shout went up that was so loud, so deafening, that the echoes could be heard for nearly two miles.

"Hurrah for Dauntless Dan, hurrah for the bravest man on earth!" they yelled and screamed in their joy for the narrow and wonderfully close escape of a beautiful woman from a fearful death. And the reckless horsemanship and desperate daring of the cowboy aroused an admiration that could find no other outlet save in rushing madly after him and yelling like mad men.

He had dropped the reins upon the neck of the big black stallion and was galloping leisurely along the street, trying to devise some means for disposing of the snapping, yelping and vicious animal of which he had become possessed too hurriedly, and under too desperate circumstances, to let go until rendered incapable of harm to any one.

Reenie recovered almost immediately from her fright, and watched the bold rider and daring horseman as he dashed on down the street followed by the plaudits of the multitude. She could not see his face, but his easy grace, his dauntless way of handling an animal that contained death in the tiniest scratch in its virus-laden teeth, his utter disregard for the plaudits of the people, made an impression upon her in contrast to the behavior of Rix Vandyke that was not at all condusive to the future welfare of the last named gentleman.

While she was thinking thus she saw her rescuer raise the dog high over his head with his left, and fire three shots into the body of the brute from a pistol with his right hand and then cast its dead body at the feet of a policeman who had rushed up frantically in time to—catch a dead dog!

Then she turned slowly and looked intthe face of Rix Vandyke, who was standing near her, with an air of much dejection. His face was ashen, but not from fear, as she generously gave him credit, but from an acute knowledge of the fact that he had forfeited the only hope of ever winning her love by an act that no woman ever has ever forgotten, or ever will forget or forgive. She gave him a look that not only added to his shame, but kindled a flame of resentment that might reach a conflagration some day unless quenched by a stream of mercy from her heart. The look that she gave him was so cold, so fierce, so scornful that it made him feel like a man standing upon the edge of the grave awaiting his doom. It made him shiver like he had come in contact with an iceberg, and when her voice fell upon his ears it went through his heart like a machete, and, instinctively, he knew that if she had ever had any love, or even regard, for him it was now a dream of the night that had passed with the sun of the day.

"You will kindly walk with me to my hotel door, Mr. Vandyke, for I do not care to walk upon the streets of a strange city alone, but you need not trouble to make conversation. I do not wish you to until—until we get to the hotel, and then——"

She said no other word, but the man saw the flash of her handsome eyes, saw a peculiar twist of her autocratic head that told him she had declared war and her banner was spotless in its blackness! Like a doomed man follows his executioner, so he followed this haughty beauty; with never a word, until they had reached her door, and there she turned and face to face they stood, with her eyes flashing, her breast heaving, and the man could almost imagine that he heard the rumble of the thunder caused by the lightning that darted from her eyes and withered his very soul. And then the air vibrated with the sound of her voice that was laden with words of such burning sarcasm, so full of cruel scorn and severity that it aroused a demon in him that might never have been awakened save by her shafts of pointed steel.

"And you-u-u are the man that would die for me, are you! Well, you have a most peculiar way of demonstrating your willingness. You ran away from a dog and let a stranger do that that you had so often sworn to do. No matter what his color or his pedigree, he was a brave and heroic man to thus risk his life to save a woman from a fate most horrible while you were in a place of safety!

"I believe you informed me a short time ago that you were in, or contemplated a visit to—hades! You were right to desire to go to a place where you would, naturally, feel at home and among your equals! I honestly think that if you had horns, wings and a ta—that other appendage necessary to a residence in the place you mentioned, added to the cloven feet that you already have, that it would be most becoming to your style of heroism! Indeed, I hope you will start soon, today, now, for I never want to see your face again. There is the stairway!"

"But, Reenie—Miss Ree," he supplemented hastily, "please hear me, give me the one chance that I may have in a thousand, to try to vindicate myself. Give me the chance that the man with the gun gave the dog, just now, for fear of hurting you. I was not frightened. Of course you do not believe me. For God's sake, do not look at me like that! I am ashamed of my folly, sorry for—for my conduct, and, oh, Reenie, Reenie, you know how truly I lo——"

"Stop! Do not pollute that most sacred word by letting it pass along your vile tongue! Man, man, you do not, and never will, know what love really is. I have thought for some time, and I am now confirmed in my belief, that you only wanted my hand for what that hand contained. There, do not deny it, for this very morning I got it from the girl that you really love—if such as you can love! Stop! Not a word! I visited the girl that you betrayed, ruined, robbed of her honor, and then left to fight the fiends of remorse, scandal, and the battle of life unaided and alone! Go to her, man, go to that sweet and loving woman; get down in the dust of earth upon your knees and beg for a forgiveness that you do not and never will deserve! Aye, go to her, for I swear by all that is dear and most sacred to me upon earth that I would not love you if I could, and marry you—I would rather lie dead in a suicide's grave! Go!"

His face went from ashen gray to a deathly white as she told him of his perfidious acts toward one of her sex and his intentions toward herself. And the fires of evil were ignited by the demon of passion, avarice, and vengeance until the stems thereof forced its way out of his mouth bubbling and seething in wrath and anger:

"You are right, I wanted your money for—for her! But that is now a ship that has passed. What I want now, and intend to have, is—revenge—oh, you need not waste those scornful glances upon me; you hear me, Reenie Ree, vengeance shall I seek, live for, and never rest until I find, and then—ah-h-h then!"

"You brute!" she panted, "you vile, cowardly scoundrel, you—you—to threaten an unprotected woman. Go, get out of my sight before I send for my father. You know him; so go, begone!" and she pointed to the stairway and stamped her foot in very excess of outraged womanhood and overwhelming anger.

"Go, go, man, go before I so far forget myself as to slap you in the face—you villainous dog! You infamous cur! Go, and go forever!"

Without a word more he turned and left her, his heart glazed, his face dark with passion, his step dragging and his whole being saturated with thoughts of becoming speedily avenged upon this beautiful woman that had thwarted his schemes of passion and avarice.

"I'll play even with her for this day's work, if I—I have to—to—kill her to do it!" he growled to the railing as he went down tairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

About two hours later the Hon. Richard Ree entered the room of his daughter and she ran up to him, kissed him hurriedly, and then asked:

"Did you find him, Pappee Dict, did you find the gallant gentleman that rescued me from that horrid creature?"

"Why, certainly, I found him. But why are you so excited? You act like he was either lost or was some dear——"

"Tell me all about it—him."

"Well, I must remark that he is as fine a specimen of manhood as I ever laid eyes upon. There, wait, give me time and I will need no cross questioning. There is very little to tell, for no one, that I could find, knew where he resided, or anything about his pedigree or ever looked upon a limb off his genethliac tree."

"But, but you said you found him, Pappee Dict, what do we care for his history or antecedents when we wish to thank him for a great service rendered? But, there, you do not know how to tell what you—I could have been half through with the whole thing."

"And so could I if my little Miss Tantrum would only silence her battery until I can arrange my army for a charge into the fortress of her curiosity. Well, I hunted for him until I had lost everything except my religion, and a frazzled end of hope, when I sauntered into police headquarters and there he was under arrest for firing a pistol on the street."

"The fools, the idiots, to arrest a gentleman for—but, go on—please, do go on!"

"Wont do it if you fire into my ambulance corps again. Yes, I found them trying him but clearly and concisely stated to them the facts, as you have related them to me, only not so graphically, and concluded by stating that it was more than probable that he ahd saved the life of the young lady, and that the only thing he could do with the rabid dog was to kill it, and the only means at hand was to shoot it as he had done. If he had thrown it to the sidewalk it would have endangered the lives of men, women and children, for it was a very large and vicious animal of the mastiff family, and it kept snapping and biting at him until he had to shoot it in self-defense.

"And then you should have seen his two big black eyes gleam and glitter like twin diamonds when he roasted the police for not being there to protect the lives of the people which they were paid for, and sworn to do. Verily, I say unto you he roasted them until they were black with anger, and I could see that the police judge had prepared a 'fine' return for the young man's frankness.

"'And so, sir, if I am to be arrested and fined for protecting the lives of your citizens when your hirelings ran into everything they could find to get out of danger, if I am to be fined for that, why you can just do it and be hanged to you and your whole kit of dude police! But I want you to paste this notice under your hatbands—that it will take about fourteen of your blue-coated dog-dodgers to land me behind the bars!'

"My, but you should have seen him. He was grand, sublime, noble, and handsome as a god of Athens. How his eyes flashed out defiance. They reminded me of the eyes of our poor little dead 'bu'glar mans' as they shown out at me that never-to-be-forgotten night.

"He was fined heavily and sentenced to prison for thirty days, and he would, undoubtedly, have given them much trouble, for he was armed, had I not stepped up to the Chief, with whom I am well acquainted, and whispered to him a few things that caused a complete change of program before the curtain fell upon a real tragedy. The Judge introduced him to me as 'Dauntless Dan,' which was the only name they knew him by; and me to him as 'Mr. Ree, the father of the young lady,' etc.; and then Mr. Daniel gave my hand a shake that made me feel good all over—it was so warm, so cordial, so hearty. And then he said in a voice that had lost its metal and its sting but was strong and musical:

"'I am most well pleased to meet you, Mr. Ree, but you will confer a great favor upon me by not trying to thank me for what I did for your daughter. In fact, I would much rather you would not mention it at all, for I do not know how to reply to those kind of adjectives; in fact, I never allow anyone to thank me, for it is only a waste of lung power, and is, generally, only liver deep.'

"So I only gave him a hearty handshake and a most pressing invitation to call upon us, and make our hotel his home while in the city; and what Jo you think the black-haired rascal said?"

"Don't know, have no idea, tell me instanter, sir!"

"Why, the impudent scamp declined my invitation flatly, saying, 'Couldn't think of it for a minute. The young woman would be full of gush and smear it all over my anatomy, and would try to make me believe that she thought me a hero and all that kind of rot; so you will excuse me until she quits feeling like that, and then, with her permission, I will call, and——'"

"No, he will not, either. Young woman, indeed; 'that kind of thing,' ugh! I hate him! I'll fix him; but what did you say to the Judge to prevent him from jailing the—the thing where he belong, the impudent scamp?"

"Oh, I just mentioned the fact that the young man was a particular friend of mi——"

"Oh, Pappee Dict, what a whopper. You never saw him before in your life!"

"Well, a white lie now and then, wont hurt the wisest men."

"Just to think! he refused, unblushingly refused, to come to see me! Well, I just don't care a snapper—jack, but if I ever meet him I'll—but, there, he is the first one that ever refused to come to see me. Quit laughing at me, for I am mad, angry, furious, and hereby declare that a state of war exists between Mr. Dog Catcher and Miss Ree, and you must be my standard bearer, for my banner will be black, and no quarter, no mercy, and no—no—thank you for a word."

"Possibly it would be well to build an impregnable fortress around your heart, fortify your affections with barbed wire, be on your guard always with a strong reserve of maidenly modesty, strengthen the battery of your eyes with a few choice thunderbolts, and—and never surrender!"

She looked at him with a smile and asked naively: "Is he so very dangerous as all that? Well, I will be on my guard and the 'enemy' had best seek me with a flag of truce before I—I—I annihilate, exterminate, and utterly route him. He is not the only marble in the knuck-yard."

"I warn you now that 'the enemy' is not to be trifled with, and you had better engage the services of a first-class heart doctor, have a hospital corps in readiness and—and look out for casualties."

"Pshaw, you are a raven, a croaker, you are grizzling. What I shall do unto him will be cyclonic, or I'm a snippy-snap."

"Look out for 'flank' movements and surprises, Miss Tantrum, for your foe is strongly fortified in good looks, in repercuss, in repertory, and he uses the latest improved lyddite in the battery of his eyes, and you wont find a lym, but a magnet, so you had best either cauterize your feelings, or prepare bandages, splints and ice for your wounded."

"Pappee Dict, I have played with fire and my scars are not many, and yet you speak as though this was to be a regular conflagration. I would like to see what he looks like; your description is so vague, so unsatisfactory, so man-like, but I will meet the enemy in a pitched battle some day, and to the vanquished belongs the sepulchre and to the victor the cataphract."

Her father smiled for he knew that this spoiled young lady was sorely vexed, nettled, piqued and actually distressed at this, her first, defeat in the battle of social ethics, and he awaited, in silence, for further developments in the field of destiny where the armies of the belligerents were encamped ready for the fray.

This very interesting story will be brought to a conclusion next week. The friends of the Ledger are requested to subscribe for the paper regularly and procure our free premiums announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

With a Movable Complexion.

He—A fortune teller said I was going to marry a blonde.

She—Well, I can be a blonde any time I want to be.

THE DEFEAT OF CONSUMPTION

HERE IS HEALTH

These Four New Preparations

comprise a complete treatment and cure for Consumption and nearly all the ills of life.

The **Emulsion** is needed by some, the **Tonic** by others, the **Expectorant** by others, the **Jelly** by others still, and **all four**, or any **three**, or **two**, or **one**, may be used singly or in combination, according to the exigencies of the case. Full instructions with each set of four FREE remedies represented in this illustration.

FREE

DIRECTIONS
DIRECTIONS

SLOCUM CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

THESE FOUR REMEDIES

represent The New Slocum System of treatment and cure for the sick and those suffering from CONSUMPTION, a run down system, wasting away diseases, **weak lungs, sore throat, coughs, La Grippe "after effects," Bronchitis and other pulmonary troubles,** or Inflammatory conditions of **nose, throat and lungs.**

The treatment is **free** to every reader of The Chicago Ledger. You have only to write to obtain it.

By the NEW system devised by DR. T. A. SLOCUM, of New York, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, the needs of the sick body can be condensed into his treatment by four distinct scientific preparations, known as "The Slocum System."

Whatever your disease, **one or more** of these four scientific remedies will be of wonderful benefit to you.

According to the exigencies of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free medicine.

The ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The four together form a bulwark of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you. They cure.

THE FREE TRIAL.

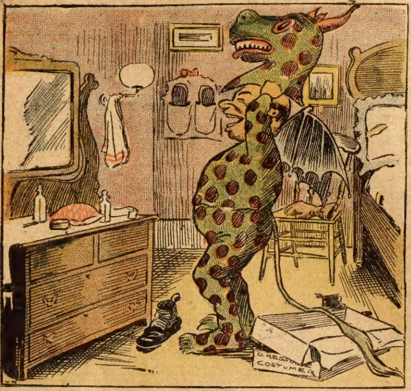
To obtain these four **FREE** preparations, that have never yet failed to cure, all you have to do is to write

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 96 & 98 PINE ST., NEW YORK

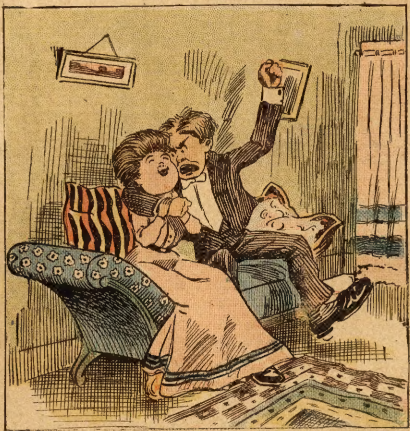
giving full address. The free remedies will then be sent you, in the hope that if they do you good you will recommend them to your friends.

EDITOR'S NOTE.--The Slocum System for the cure of Consumption is medicine reduced to an exact science by the World's foremost specialist, and our readers are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer. When writing the Doctor please tell him you read this in The Chicago Ledger.

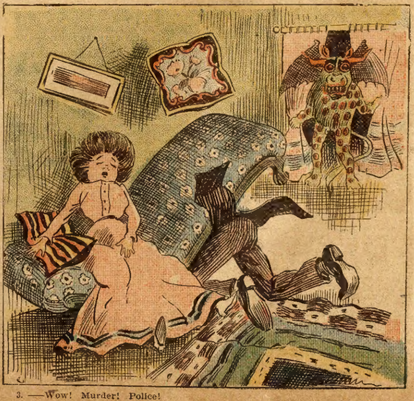
HOW CHOLLY'S BLUFF WAS CALLED.



1. Mr. Oldboi (dressing for a masquerade)—Well, wont this rig knock the boys silly? I'll go down and show Elsie.



2. Elsie's Best Fellow—Darling, would that we lived in the heroic ages, that I might prove my love by fighting some terrible monster, and ——



3. ——Wow! Murder! Police!

Considered as Real Estate.

"How do I know," demanded the woman, whom he had asked for charity, "that you are not a thievish vagabond instead of a poor man out of work? How do I know you've got a clear title even to those old dirty clothes you have on?"

"Ma'am," mournfully asked Tuffold Knutt, "don't these clothes look as if I'd had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of 'em?"

◆

Killing Combination.

When Fatima discovered the headless women in the forbidden chamber she was not particularly surprised.

"What with his baby blue whiskers and his pink and white complexion," she protested, "how could my husband help but be a lady killer, pray?"

Of course she would pretend to be deeply hurt and angry, but secretly she was extremely gratified.

◆

Explanation.

From the Plunkville Bugle: "We stated in our last issue that Ezra Beal of Shooter's Forks was seriously kicked by a mule. Ezra came limping into our office yesterday to explain that the mule was a young critter, and instead of kicking him seriously, he thinks it was in fun, though he (Ezra) admits that he thinks it was a durn poor joke."

◆

Couldn't Shine in Fiction.

Blobbs—Youngpop is altogether lacking in imagination.

Slobbs—Why do you say that?

Blobbs—I've never heard him get off any of the bright sayings of his children.

◆

Now He Is Sorry He Spoke.

He—I am not worthy of you, dear.

She—Well, don't you suppose I know it?

A Testimonial.

Gentlemen: I recently bought a scalped ticket which the railway people refused to honor when I presented it. I tried various expedients, but all in vain, until, at the suggestion of friends, I had recourse to your Hair Vitalizer. After the use of six bottles of the same, the ticket, I am happy to say, was accepted without quesion.

You are at liberty to publish this letter.

◆

His Subsequent Valuation.

"I married you for your money," she cried bitterly.

Then, by a visible effort controlling her sobs, she went on, hoarsely:

"And that is why you look like thirty cents to me now."

Verily, chagrin would be a great tax assessor.

◆

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhoea and other irregularities, and finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured me without the aid of medical attendance. I will send it free with full instructions and valuable advice to any suffering woman. Address MRS. L. V. HUDNUT, South Bend, Indiana.

◆

Girls Usually Do.

"Have you Moore's poems?" inquired the sweet young thing.

"I think so, miss. I'll look in a minute," replied the clerk in the bookstore. "By the way, here's a fine new story just out. It's called 'Just One Kiss,' and——"

"I want Moore," she interrupted, haughtily.

◆

A Standard Cure

Major Morgan—What do you think of these reported salt and pepper cures?

Colonel Bourbon—Nonsense, sah, and would spoil it. I take a little sugar in mine, and I have never thought of anything that cures everything like this way of mixing it.

◆

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the U. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR 121 Marion Street Oak Park, Ill.

◆

A Correction.

Gilson—I don't see why they say "bread and cheese and kisses;" it ought to be "kisses and bread and cheese."

Willets—Why?

Gilson—So as to get the kisses as far away from the cheese as possible.

◆

Cause of the Delay.

Teacher—what made you so late?

Tommy—I had to wait for ma to wrap up a bundle for me to leave at Mrs. Brown's.

Teacher—Surely, it didn't take your mother nearly an hour to do that.

Tommy—Yes'm. You see, the paper she was wrappin' it up in had a love story in it.

◆

Age-Sadness.

"And did you pocket your pride?" we asked, anxiously.

"I—I tried to," sobbed the Eternal Feminine, "but I couldn't find it."

Far down the wind shuddered the wailing of the Zeitgeist.

◆

A Couple of Confessions.

He (admiringly)—You are a girl after my own heart.

She—Thank you; I hope you are not a man after mine, because it's otherwise engaged.

◆

Distressing Doubt.

"The trouble with our sex," declares the Female Suffragist, "is lack of decision."

"That's right," replied the cynic, "half of you haven't decided whether you want to be women or men."

Her Ingenuousness.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am going to turn over a new leaf."

"In what connection?"

"I'm going to quit being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday."

"Yes; it is very silly of you."

"Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday just to show I'm not afraid."

◆

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

◆

In the Far West.

"What became of that fine looking young fellow who was around here the other day?" asked the stranger.

"Dead," replied Rattlesnake Pete.

"Is that so. And he looked so strong. What was the trouble?"

"Wall, stranger, most o' th' boys on th' coroner's jury were fer callin' it suicide, but we finally agreed to call it accidental shootin'."

"How did it happen?"

"He opened a jack-pot on a pair of deuces last night."

◆

A Poverty-Stricken Crowd.

Visitor (at poor house)—Where did that fine-looking pauper come from?

Superintendent—The city. He owns the St. Fashion Flats.

Visitor—My goodness! Why is he here?

Superintendent—He charges such high rents that they have been empty since the second year.

Visitor—Hum! He seems to be on familiar footing with a good many of the other paupers.

Superintendent—Yes, they are the people who were his tenents the first year.

◆

WHEN TRAVELING NORTHWEST

See that your ticket reads via Wisconsin Central Ry. for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. Convenient trains leave Chicago daily from Central Sta., 12th St. and Park Row (Lake Front). Ask nearest ticket agent for further information. Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis

◆

Regular in His Irregularity.

Old Bullion—A young man named Jobson has applied to me for a position. He says that you know him. Is he a man of regular habits?

Old Goldrox—Regular habits! I should say he was. He has a regular habit of getting drunk three times a week!

◆

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

◆

Hustling in Hades.

"Ah, me," sighed a lost soul, "isn't this a cheerless place to spend eternity!"

"Cheerless?" exclaimed the shade of the man from Chicago. "Why, one of the attendants told me that the place had doubled its population each decade for five thousand years!"

A Sympathetic Memory.

In a western Massachusetts town lived a young woman who is blessed with both discrimination and tact.

The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister—a most delightful man; he died, and after a lapse of five or six years she was united to his only brother, who was a successful lawyer in New York.

On her library desk stands a picture of the first partner of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked whom the photograph represented.

"That," said the hostess, with evident emotion, "is a picture of my husband's brother, who died eight years ago, and who was very dear to us both."

◆

Nonsense.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton as he tossed aside the heart-to-heart talks page. "What utter nonsense!"

"To what are you referring?" inquired his wife.

"To the assertion that a woman needs not expect a man to pay her as much attention after they are married as he paid her before. I am absolutely sure, Henrietta, that I mind now quicker than I ever did."

◆

As to Some Handwritings

Fred—Do you think a man's character is shown in his handwriting?

Kate—If it is, some of them must be perfectly dreadful.

◆

Sorrows of Research.

"Did you succeed in finding any illustrous ancestors?"

"No; but I scared up a lot of kinfolks that I didn't want to know at all."

HELD FOR RANSOM

Or

The Kidnapers Conspiracy.

By WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

(Copyright, 1901.)

Begun in No. 5. Feb. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or from agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RANSOM.

"Look, Pete!"

"Yes; I see."

"A red lamp as sure as you're born. The old man is coming with the gold."

"Guess you're right, Larry."

"Oh, say! This is the easiest graft I was ever let in. Pete Garew, you are certainly a Napoleon of grafters. It took brains to get this up."

"You bet it did, but never mind shouting my name around. There's no telling whether or not there ain't a bunch of detectives hidden around us. Keep still!"

The two men whose conversation is recorded above were lying flat on the ground several hundred feet back from the paved road leading from Argo to Merton. One of them was a medium sized man, with a high intellectual forehead and keen black eyes. The jet black of his hair and mustache served to heighten the prion pallor of his face. This man was Pete Carew, a criminal fame throughout the country for the boldenss and cunning of his exploits. The other was a low ruffian who was a mere tool of the brainy villain. They were hiding at a point two miles from Argo, and at present they were watching a far-off speck of red which was gradually approaching.

"Take the lantern to the place I showed you. Light it and leave it," commanded Carew.

The man addressed as Larry picked up the lantern by his side and ran toward the road with it. At a spot about ten feet from the road he stopped and hung it on a forked stick thrust into the ground. Then he lighted it and hastily returned to his hiding place beside the other man.

The red light continued to draw nearer until it came opposite the white light and stopped. The watchers could faintly see the outlines of a horse, carriage and man.

They saw the man leap out and carry a sack to the lantern where he left it. Then getting back into his buggy he turned and drove away.

Randall had paid the ransom.

The roadster with the red lantern was not out of sight before the two bandits had seized the bag and after a moment's glance at the contents to see if everything was correct they started on the run across the country with it. A half mile away they came upon another road running diagonal to the paved thoroughfare.

Hidden in the bushes by the roadside was a horse hitched to a light road wagon. Throwing the treasure into the vehicle the two men jumped in and whipped up their animal.

"We've got to make good time getting back," said Carew as they spun rapidly along.

"It was poor policy to leave the boy alone and unguarded even though he was chained. We must return as quick as possible."

With that end in view he kept the horse at a gallop almost the entire distance of three miles to the deserted house near the river.

They drove the vehicle itno the ramshackle shed behind the house and lifting their prize started toward the building with it. Suddenly Carew dropped his hold on the bag and peered up the road, exclaiming:

"Pursued, by thunder!"

Both men drew their weapons and stood peering into the dark. To their straining ears came a rapid succession of hoof-beats. Then dimly they saw horse and rider coming in their direction, on up the lane straight into the yard. The men had their revolvers leveled, but Carew lowered his arm when he saw the rider and cried:

"It's Isabelle! What're you doing here? What's the matter?"

"Matter enough," answered the woman, leaping from her exhausted steed. "There's a detective due to arrive here in a minute or less. Put this horse out of sight in the shed and get into the house where we can be near the boy. Quick!"

While she spoke the man Larry hastily led the horse into the shed and shut the door after it. Then leaping to Carew's assistance, helped him carry the gold indoors.

Scarcely were they isnide when the sound of an approaching horseman was heard.

"Here he comes," whispered the woman.

"Where's Steve?" asked Carew.

"Dead."

"Dead?" was the astonished query.

"Yes; or dying. I shot him. This fly cop caught him and he started to peach, but I clased his mouth for good."

"Hist! He's here!" exclaimed Carew, softly.

Then followed the colloquy between Grey and Carew.

The two men took different ends of a blanket which they held up while Isabelle opened the door. The moment Jeff came under the blanket they brought it down and wound it around him, pinning his arms tightly.

The detective was not to be thus easily subdued and commenced a furious struggle around the room, with the two kidnapers holding the blanket tightly around him.

"Strike a light!" shouted Carew, and in obedience the woman ran the dength of the passage and lighted a lamp, the light of which illumined the hall. The sight revealed was strange, indeed.

The two crimianls were wrestling vigorously in their efforts to subdue the blanket-enveloped man. Back and forth the men swayed—crashing into the walls and fighting desperately.

Then by a quick twist of the knee Carew managed to trip the detective and the two men fell on him with crushing force knocking the breath out of him.

"Here, quick, Isabelle!" cried the arch-conspirator, giving the blanket a tightening turn on the momentarily quiet man.

"You hold this end of the blanket around him. I've got this caught so that you can hold it as easy as I can.

Isabelle hastened to do as she was directed and seized the corner of the twisted blanket.

"What are you going to do, Pete?" inquired the woman, excitedly.

"Do? I'm going to carry out my threat. I'm going to blind the kid!" shouted Carew, in furious tones.

"The bottle of acid's in there on the shelf. I'll do the boy first and then we'll fix this meddling hound of a detective!"

Grey, imprisoned as he was, heard with horror what the outlaw said and renewed his desperate attempt to free himself from the smothering folds about him.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop, you inhuman monster. If you touch that boy your life will be the forfeit!"

The villain laughed a harsh, mocking laugh.

"Stop?" he repeated. "No power on earth can stop me now. And as for your threats—bah! You shall share the boy's fate and hand-in-hand we shall send you two back, the blind leading the blind, a warning to detectives and millionaires. Listen, and in a moment you shall hear the boy's cry as he feels the punishment brought upon him by your interference."

And with these words the scoundrel sprang through the doorway into the next room.

At the same moment Jefferson Grey, with a prayer for strength rose Samson-like, straining his muscles to the uttermost and literally lifting both his captors with him.

Blow after blow was rained upon his covered head, but raging like a chained tiger, he crashed back and forth against the narrow sides of the hallway, furiously trying to crush his antagonists on the walls.

The next instant the door through which Grey had entered was smashed violently open, there was the sound of fists striking down Grey's captors and Chief Erby's voice calling to them to surrender.

Then as the detective tore free from the blanket's clinging folds and staggered toward the lighted room there came to his ears the reverberating report of a revolver, following instantly by a crash of breaking glass.

Then a weird, blood-curdling scream of agony rang out.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

It was a passing strange scene that was revealed to the detective as he lunged through the doorway.

In one corner of the room was a chair in which sat the kidnaped boy. He was handcuffed and leg-irons fitted on his lower limbs, while with eavy chains he was secured to the chairs. In addition he was gagged and blindfolded. His appearance suggested the time of the Spanish Inquisition rather than modern times.

In front of the lad was a man, groping around with hands pressed to his acid-corroded face and crying aloud. It was Pete Carew, who had met the fate intended for others. On the floor lay the smashed fragments of the bottle with the acid slowly spreading around. Looking toward the one window of the room Grey saw that a pane of it was smashed and through the opening blew in a thin thread of revolver smoke.

The next moment the whole window was smashed in, and the detective's bright girl ally stepped through, her smoking weapon in her hand.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I do believe I've hurt him. I only intended to smash the bottle to keep him from harming Nat."

At the sound of her voice the imprisoned youth commenced to struggle violently. The girl ran to his side and tore off the blindfold and gag.

"Madge!" he exclaimed, in trembling voice as he looked at her blinking at the sudden-appearing light, but with eyes filled with love and pride.

"You saved me! I heard it all, though I could not see. That man was going to blind me, but you arrived in the very nick of time."

"You know I'd go through anything for you Nat," whispered the girl, softly. Then louder, she added:

"Mr. Grey, can't you loosen these chains?"

"Why, certainly," said Jeff, who had been taking in the scene.

"Look out, Grey, he's got a gun!" shouted Chief Erby, entering at that moment after stopping to handcuff the other two malefactors.

Grey turned toward Carew who had been crouching in one corner. The man's cries had changed to a dull moan.

"Blind!" he muttered. "Blind when success was in my hands. Balked by a girl. Oh, curse them all! If I could only see an instant. I'd kill 'em all. Curse that fiend of a detective. They think they're going to take me back to prison. Ha! I'll fool 'em there. Yes, they can't do it. Not alive. I've run my course—it's all over for Pete Carew, the prince of criminals. I'll finish the job." And with that the wretch drew his weapon as the Chief had warned.

"Drop that gun, Pete!" cried Jeff, leveling his own weapon.

"Drop it, I say. I've got you covered."

"Drop it. Ha, ha, ha!" croaked the baffled villain. "If I could see I'd drop you though it were the last thing I ever did. You think you're going to take me back, don't you. I'll cheat you all. I'm going where no cursed police can ever bring me back!"

With this triumphant statement Carew clapped his revolver to his temple and fired.

Grey hurried the fainting girl out of the room and the Chief made haste to liberate the millionaire's son, who joined his little preserve at once.

"Do you know anything about ice-boats, young man?" asked Erby.

"I can sail one," answered Nat, promptly.

"Then go with this young lady and she'll show you where there's one to sail. You'd better take that route, as all other conveyances will be taken. And, anyway, that will be more pleasant for you—more lonely."

"One question," said Grey. "Did you two come on an ice-boat—the livery stable clerk's yacht?"

"Yes," said the chief. "Although you had a long lead on us we came along at express train speed and landed just as they were lighting the lamp. We made a run over from the river and hearing the uproar at the door, I ran around and smashed it in while the girl remained at that window."

"And when that man came running in and seized that bottle from off the shelf and started toward Nat, I knew what he intended to do as you told of their threats," added Madge.

"Well, start on, young folks, and we'll

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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Between Siren and Saint.

Story of a Secret Marriage---In Fate's Tangling Cords---A Double Love and a Single Fate.

By ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

(Copyright, 1901.)

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 9. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"A man murdered? Colonel Sanderson dead?"

"It is even so."

"Who is the man?"

"I have not heard his name. He is young and handsome. He is in evening dress and he has attended the ball in the costume of a monk. Come, they are trying to keep the people out."

The old doctor followed the excited messenger. Mrs. Dean, her mask thrown aside, her gorgeous robes trailing about her, followed, and, like a shadow, pale and wide-eyed, Margery Wade, unnoticed in the excitement, crept after the little party.

In the great, brilliant hall men stood in silent groups. Women wrung their hands. It was a strange assembly as they gathered there in fanciful costumes to hear what it was that had happened.

And wending its way among them, making straight for the library door was the silent little company that had come from Mrs. Dane's parlor upstairs.

People gave way and they entered the library. Before an open window sat Colonel Sanderson, his white head resting against the cushion of his chair. The light fell softly from his white, proud old face. At his feet lay the form of a man. Here and there in helpless groups stood the Colonel's friends. Doctor Dane knelt beside the prostrate form. He looked up.

"It is Allen, Allen Sanderson," he said, as the old family physician knelt beside him.

"Allen? Why, the boy died out west!"

"His father believed that—I think. But, this is he," Doctor Dane persisted.

"Could he have been so old as this? See what lines of care," said a man who had loved the boy.

"It's never Marse Allen," old Milly sobbed, "never the chile come to the like of this!"

"It is Allen, poor fellow," Doctor Dane repeated, "changed, altered terribly, but it is he. Look at this face and at that!"

People glanced from one to the other. They were strangely alike. And Doctor Dane was used to having his quiet statements accepted. His calm conviction had its effect. He had identified the body. The face was the face of Allen Sanderson.

Between him and the prostrate body two women came. One in royal silken robes, the other in simple white. Together they knelt beside the dead man, peering down into the white face.

"This is no place for you, Rose. Come away." Doctor Dane laid his hand on his wife's arm. She arose and went with him, a curious look on her beautiful face.

Margery staggered to her feet and went blindly out into the hall.

Those outside had heard, already, so quickly do ill tidings fly, that Allen Sanderson, the outcast son, lay dead at the feet of his father, who, dead, also, sat in his accustomed place beyond the closed door of the library.

"It is a strange tragedy, an awful thing. Is it suicide or murder?" People whispered the question and no one answered. Men shook their heads silently.

And then the coroner came and with him men to whom the news had come in commonplace fashion. It was only that two men had been found dead. The meaning was double fees.

These discussed it all coolly, and those who had been in the house through the tragedy, began to recover from the shock and to join in with opinions and theories and surmises. They, too, being only mortal men!

On the library floor had been discovered an empty envelope addressed to Albert Harrison, Danville, Va.

No man in the house answered to this name. No one knew how the envelope could have found its way to the library. Doctor Dane bit his lip in silence.

For days the newspapers were full of the sensation. The tragic death of the young man had brought up memories of the hot-headed youth who had sinned past his proud old father's forgiving.

It was remembered that he had committed a forgery while standing in a northern city. This had turned his father's heart against him and sent his mother to her grave. It came out also that he had, under the name of Poindexter Jones, killed a newspaper reporter in Portsmouth a few years before. Detectives were on his track when the end came. The chase ended at the coffin in the old library.

But he had belonged to a fine old family and his misdeeds were not described in the language that one hears in the criminal courts.

There was even discovered a streak of insanity in the family of his mother, and he was given the benefit of it. Those who had known him well remembered what a true friend he used to be. But little of his time had been spent at home.

The plantation had been considered safest when he was a lad and when he was older he had been sent to a tutor down in Georgia. After this he had gone north. He had sown wild oats lavishly, they said.

People reminded each other of his love for his cousin Rose and of the old Colonel's stout opposition. Secretly they blamed the old man, but none of this appeared in the papers. Rose, as Mrs. Howard Dane, must not be drawn into the affair.

A traveling man who attended the funeral knew Allen Sanderson at college, and as all artist in New York.

"A fine, warm-hearted, hot-headed fellow, he was. I recollect his friendship for a young fellow named Harrison. We used to call them Damon and Pythias. They might have been brothers, so alike were they, and yet there was a difference when one knew the two. And so he's dead! Just another misspent life. Just another human soul turned somehow from its proper course."

And the traveling man sighed and went his way, for these are they who know life in its many curious phases.

No clew the mystery could be found. People believed that the son's unexpected appearance had killed the old man, and remorse or disappointment had sent the dagger to the young man's heart. It made a fine and pathetic story and satisfied the people. It was excellent reading. Mrs. Dane kept her room and Margery Wade went quietly about her duties. Neither spoke of the tragedy.

The time came for the reading of the will. It had been known that Jack Darrow would be the heir. But the paper that the lawyer unfolded divided the fortune, which was larger than had been supposed, between Jack Darrow and Rose Sanderson, provided she became the wife of Howard Dane. The will was torn across as if there had been intent to destroy it, and it was found in an unlocked drawer. This was regarded as singular. But there was no later will anywhere.

There were a few small legacies and a larger one for Miss Marcia. Mention was made of Allen. He was disowned in strong, bitter language, and neither he nor any possible child of his was ever to receive directly or indirectly a penny of the old man's wealth. The will had been written before Rose Sanderson's marriage and there was no mention of Dorothy Lawrence.

Mrs. Dane found the old place unendurable. Her physician advised a change and it was decided that the family would go abroad again.

The governess moved softly about making ready. Jack was in ecstacies. Doctor Dane quietly pleased. It would scarcely interrupt his work. His last book was a great success in the scientific world. The small affairs of actual life were not permitted to interfere with his investigations and researches.

It was the day before their departure and Mrs. Dane was being driven in a close carriage slowly along a quiet country road. They were passing a tiny cottage, an old woman sat in the doorway.

As she saw the carriage she leaned far out, then suddenly sprang forward.

"Stop!" she cried, sharply. "For the love of heaven, stop! I must tell you before I die. I traced you to Richmond, and I've begged and starved. Oh, stop!"

"Peter, drive on!" Sharp and clear the order rang out, but Mrs. Dane lay back white and cold against the cushions.

Peter's whip touched the horses and the carriage rolled on.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SILENT CITY.

A man inside the cottage leaned forward over his newspaper.

"Who is it—why did you call?" he asked.

"How can that concern you? If I feed and lodge you for what you pay it is sufficient," the woman snapped sharply.

"To be sure. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Twigg." The man had seen old Peter's shining black face peering curiously back as the carriage turned a curve in the road.

To all appearances he was lost again in his paper.

"But I've seen her, I've seen her. I shall soon have my mind at rest, soon be ready to lie down and die in peace," the old woman muttered. "And this is—it must be—him."

The man's smile vanished.

"Will you go after the flowers now?" he asked. "It will soon be night."

"What can you be wanting with flowers, I'd like to know?"

The man smiled. "If I pay for food and lodging and the flowers, what business is that of yours?"

The woman laughed in a queer, crackling treble.

"I'll go. Roses, you said, and jessamine. Ah, how sweet the jessamines are in my own wee bit garden! Yes, I'll go. I'd go just for a smell of the blossoms."

He gave her a handful of coins and watched her as she hobbled off toward the city.

Then he walked up and down the tiny room, his face dark and troubled.

Stopping near a window he took from his breast pocket a small picture case. Opening it, he gazed intently at the two faces inside the gold rim. Two, and yet so alike that they might have been one with different expressions. Still, there was a difference. One face was stronger, harder, older. But they belonged to the same type. The straight Greek profile, the same clustering curls, the same deeply cleft chin, the same level eyes.

"It was always easy to carry it out by adopting the tricks of expression," the man said, as he gazed at the two faces.

An observer would have known that the softer, gentler face belonged to him.

"My friend, my false friend." He put the picture away and waited by the window.

The shadows lengthened. A soft, purple twilight settled about the lonely cabin. And then the moon rose from beyond the spires of the city and the world lay still and at peace under its margin.

Slowly along the quiet road the old woman came, a basket of flowers on her arm.

"Here they are, sweet and fresh as the heart of a girl before the tempter comes," she laughed harshly, and set the basket down.

The man gathered up the flowers in great, sweet clusters, thanked her and went silently away.

The beautiful old cemetery was like an enchanted garden in the moonlight. Dark shadows, gleaming marble, shining flowers, splashing fountains and a silence that was scarcely broken by the soft fall of water and the low hum of insects, made the place strangely restful to the man who, with his offering of sweet flowers, walked slowly along the shadowy paths.

At length he stopped before an imposing monument. Even in the moonlight he read the name carved in deep, handsome letters.

"One more fine old name come to naught. One more proud old family brought low. Was it friendship or was it love that did it? Alas and alas, that man, created in the image of his maker can fall so low," he said, sadly, half aloud.

The fragrance of a thousand flowers filled the cool, still air. Somewhere a mocking bird warbled softly, half asleep. Little whispering sounds crept about and shadows slipped softly over the grass The man knelt down and scattered his flowers over the new-made graves.

"Love is stronger than friendship—stronger than death. And you were false to her and to me. For her sake you died. You ought to rejoice in that, where ever your soul is gone. The thought should make you eternal happiness. You died for her sake and I can only live in her service. But I loved you!"

He scattered the flowers slowly, carefully, with tender, lingering touch, and when there were no more he stood back under the jessamines and watched the moonlit graves.

Presently he saw a tall dark form emerge from the shadows and crossing the grass plot swiftly, kneel beside one of the graves.

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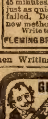

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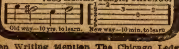

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Between Siren and Saint.

(Continued.)

The long cloak fell back and in the moonlight he saw a woman's face. A fair, sweet face with a halo of golden hair about it. A face as still and calm as any that gleamed from the sculptured marble.

She rose at length, a slender figure in a soft white gown. She looked like a spirit of the moonlight, one of the marble angels come to life.

And then as they waited there, the shadow slipped slowly from him and he stood revealed before her, with only the new-made grave between. Only a grave, a small, flower-strewn mound, but beneath the flowers?

"Allie," she whispered, leaning forward slightly. "Allie, is it you? Have you come back to——"

"Don't be frightened," he said, going to her. "It is I." She put out her hand wonderingly. "I do not understand. I cannot think clearly. Are you alive, Allie?"

"Alive and well—to you, not to the others. Can you understand?" he said, softly.

"Not quite, I think, Allie."

She spoke slowly, dreamily.

"And yet you loved me in the old days. Is love blind, after all, and not keen-sighted as I once learned to believe?"

"Then I was right. I felt that it could not be you lying there at the—old man's feet. But I have not been able to think clearly since—since I saw you—that was you, Allie, and she, she is a good man's wife. What did it all mean?"

"She is a siren, Margery, a circe, and I am her slave, her victim. That is all. It is love for her that has ruined me. And yet I would rather be what I am, loving her, than what I might have been if I could have put her out of my heart. Do you know what I mean, Margery?" His voice was low and musical.

"Yes," she answered, gently.

"You would have been my good angel, Margery, but I was already in the service of my siren. I have sometimes wished that I could forget her. Can you forgive me, Margery?"

"You have not sinned against me. I have loved you—I love you, but I have given my heart unasked." She spoke calmly, dispassionately, her face white in the moonlight.

"I am not blameless. Say that you forgive me," he pleaded.

"If you are in any way to blame I have not known," she whispered.

"Thank you. Margery, I want to tell you that your love is precious to me. I think of it as a man thinks of his home. I believe it was intended by the Father to be the crowning glory of my life. I thank you for it."

She smiled slowly. "I am glad to know that. Allie, good-by." She held out her hands and he took them.

"I hope that sometime you may be at rest, that peace may come to you, that you may understand," she said very gently.

"Margery, if you pass entirely out of my life, if you let this separate us, if you take yourself from me, the only good influence, the only pure directing or restraining force that touches my life is gone." His voice was low and strangely sad. Slowly he went on: "I am asking much—all and in return I am giving you only loving gratitude. For Margery, I honor and revere you above all women. I am not worthy to so much as touch these little white hands. But your thought of me is the one sweet white flower in the desert waste of my ruined life." His voice was quite steady now.

"You are lost away from the truth," she said, gently. "A little child wandered far away from the Father's care. Shall I, who am safe at home, not because of any strength or virtue of my own, shall I condemn you? Some day you will find your way back." Her voice was clear and sweet as she finished.

"I am afraid you have forgotten your good father's teachings," he replied, with a low laugh. "Do you remember the hymn he used to have us sing so often in the happy choir days?

"'There is a time, I know not when,
A place I know not where,
That marks the destinies of men
For glory or despair.'

"The time must have come to me long ago. I must have passed the place away back in my wrong doing. For I have sinned, Margery, deliberately, gladly, over and over again. These hands that hold yours are stained with crime. It is no wonder that you, pure as one of those stars, could not reign as queen of such a heart as this of mine. No, Margery, I have gone beyond the limit. I am like an atom that has drifted beyond the influence of the planet to which it belongs. I cannot answer to the drawing that does not reach me," he went on gravely.

"The power that goes out after you is not circumscribed. Good must prevail at last. I must go. If it comforts you to know that —that I care, Allie, be sure always that it is so. I must go home now. Tomorrow we are leaving. She—I will watch over and—and try to help her for your sake."

"Margery!"

"It is not a hard task. She trusts me. The little girls——"

"Yes. Tell me about them."

She told him something of her work, quietly as if the meeting was an ordinary one.

"And the child, Dorothy, the little one that—" he stopped.

"She is bright and lovable, and she looks —it is singular, but she looks like Mrs. Dane."

"Yes," he said, "it is singular."

Together they walked through the quiet cemetery. At the great gate he paused.

"Margery," he said, gently, "will you kiss me good-by?"

She raised her white face, no shy color flushed her cheeks. Calmly she looked up and answered:

"Yes; good-by until we meet somewhere again."

He kissed her and held her hand for an instant, and then they parted, silently at the gate that shut in the quiet, moonlit city of the dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE SEA

Doctor Dane's fame had preceeded him. He was already well known among English scientists. The house that had been chosen in the quiet country neighborhood became known as the home of the American scientist, and scholars gathered in solemn companies to discuss germs and microbes and bacteria, and to talk learnedly of things that to the outside world seem of small importance.

But the doctor with his fame and his learning and his position was not a bad adjunct to an American family in an English neighborhood. Almost before her first year of mourning was past Mrs. Dane began to learn that this was so.

She was not proud in the way that had distinguished her southern ancestors, but she loved to be admired and attention was dear to her.

So when the mourning was laid aside she began to enjoy the life made possible by her husband's position and her wealth.

There were London seasons and trips to Paris, there were house parties and entertainments galore. And so it was that the beautiful American became the fashion and was well received.

Doctor Dane, proud of his lovely wife, dragged himself out of his beloved laboratory when occasion demanded. Among his wife's friends he was known as Mrs. Dane's husband, so modest and retiring was he.

At first there had been a look of fear in Mrs. Dane's beautiful eyes. Mrs. Grantley Marshall had noticed it when she called the first time and remarked it to her fat, commonplace husband.

Mrs. Grantley Marshall was keen-eyed and she was slightly distrustful of strangers. She watched the beautiful eyes for five long years. She saw the look of fear fade and die. She saw many dangerous lights in those eyes. She was a woman and she envied Mrs. Dane her conquests.

Mrs. Dane flirted. That was not to be denied. It was not done coarsely. There was no apparent effort. She flirted naturally as if it was what she had been made for, as the flowers open in the sunshine.

A plain woman always secretly admires and openly envies a handsome one. Mrs. Grantley Marshall was a plain woman. She knew that her sterling virtue, her good, common sense, her upright life were as nothing in the sight of her associates when compared with Mrs. Dane's indescribable charm. Women are never philosophers. A plain woman longs, vainly all her life, for the beauty that ought to have been born with her.

Mrs. Grantley Marshall knew something of America; she had a brother there. This came to be a sort of indifferent impression in Mrs. Dane's mind. She had thought how impossible it is to be sure the past may not send its ghosts into the present. She did not really expect the ghost to appear.

The Danes had been in England ten years. Surely this was long enough. One might begin now to defy the past.

Mrs. Grantley Marshall was giving a lawn party. The Danes were there.

"We had news last night, good news. Tom is coming home," the hostesss said, stopping here and there and speaking gladly to interested groups.

"Your brother?" Mrs. Dane asked, when Mrs. Marshall had made her way to the corner where the beauty was surrounded by her usual court of admirers.

"Yes, I remember he was gone long before you came. Well, he has made what he calls his 'pile' and is coming home." There was the ring of honest gladness in her voice and her plain face was almost handsome with the joy in it.

"How nice for you!" Mrs. Dane gushed softly.

"And for him. I was so afraid for him, you know. But through a friend he had lost everything and that was the way he made it up."

One of the men laughed. "Pretty risky, eh, Mrs. Marshall. Indians and—oh, I beg pardon, Mrs. Dane."

"Let us hope that Mrs. Marshall's brother has escaped the dangers you fear and that he is coming home unhurt," Mrs. Dane smiled.

"But he isn't," the man said, as Mrs. Marshall passed on. "There's some sort of story about a woman. I haven't it all—just an impression. But there was trouble. The fellow who was with him wrote home, you know. He was almost killed in a fight with some miners and it was about a girl. Black, do you remember the story of Tom Holland's rescue of—an Indian girl, was it?"

The answer was lost to Mrs. Dane. A sound as of many waters dulled her ears, and the look of fear grew in her lovely eyes.

When Mrs. Grantley Marshall held her hand in friendly leave taking a half hour later she saw it there and she had not forgotten, though ten years is a long time. She remembered the haunted eyes.

"I wonder what brought it back," she said to her fat, commonplace husband when they sat over the steaming coffee next morning.

But her husband did not remember. He had not altogether escaped the charm of Mrs. Dane. She had been indiscriminate in the casting of her spells. Few had escaped.

So the Squire flushed and stammered and his wife's face grew stern and cold. She was deeply in love with her portly husband. She knew the frailties of men. The Squire lost himself and his momentary confusion in the pages of his newspaper.

Mrs. Grantley Marshall's home, Sunnyside, was only a short distance from The Poplars where the Danes lived.

When her brother arrived, she coaxed him one morning to fold his tall body into her small phaeton and allow her to drive him over to see the Americans.

"But, Tom, I shall warn you now, Mrs. Dane is a—eh, a woman to be feared. Half the men we know are in love with her, and——"

Tom Holland laughed. The sound was like the wind down a canon.

"Come, now, little woman, men of my kind are neither married nor given in marriage," he roared.

"Oh, but it isn't that! She is married safe enough to a sort of scientific encyclopedia, you know. Surely you have heard of Doctor Howard Dane?"

"I am afraid I have not. America is a sizable sort of place," he laughed.

She looked at him helplessly. "Well, Tom, beware of the fascination of Mrs. Dane. That is all," and she shook her head.

It was, by the merest chance, Doctor Dane who met them. Edith and Dorothy were introduced to the stranger. His eyes turned again and again to the lovely dark face of Dorothy Lawrence.

And then slowly, gracefully, with a sweet, lazy smile on her scarlet lips, Mrs. Dane came forward to welcome her guests.

Tom Holland stood up, his eyes on the smiling face. She carried it off well. But Mrs. Marshall saw once when the slow smile had faded quite away the look of fear in the black eyes.

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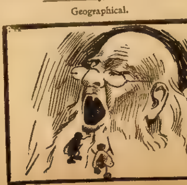

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BOYS and GIRLS CORNER

THE VALLEY OF GOLD;

Or,

For the Honor of the Dead.

By ALFRED B. TOZER,

Author of "The Melville Murder," "Little Meg; or, the Brother's Quest," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACCUSATION.

It was five o'clock on a sunny afternoon in early May, of a year not long gone by, and the editors and artists on the top floor of the Fulcrum Publishing company's building were closing their desks for the day. There was a great hustling about, a drawing on of coats, a banging of chairs, and a playful tossing of exchanges and waste-baskets, for many of the editors and artists were young in years, and all were young in spirit, as is often the case in such establishments.

During all this bustle of getting away, this confusion of pranks, Harley Lyon, the youngest member of the editorial force, went on with his work, merely looking up with a smile now and then. Harley was tall and muscular for his seventeen years, and his steady blue eyes and strongly-marked face denoted great firmness and strength of character. He was now attired in a modest suit of steel gray, with immaculate linen, and a tie to match the shade of his suit.

"Come, old fellow," shouted an artist, hurling a wad of paper at the young editor's head, "drop that, and come along to the excursion."

"I'd like to," was the reply, "but I've got a lot of work to do yet tonight, and, then, I promised to wait for Vin Pember."

The artist disappeared in the elevator cage, and Harley worked away for an hour or more. He was fated for an excursion that night that he little dreamed of. Presently the sound of voices in an adjoining room attracted his attention. The building was situated on a side street of New York but a short distance from where the busy and famous old Bowery ends and Third avenue begins, and where Fourth avenue branches obliquely away in the direction of Union Square. The top floor, where the editors and artists did their work, was divided into five apartments, two at the front, used by the writers, two at the rear, set aside for the use of the artists, and a large one in the center of the building, into which the elevator gave, and which was lighted from a window in the room. This room, neatly furnished, after the fashion of offices, was used for general reception purposes.

It was from this apartment that the voices now proceeded. The top floor of the building was usually entirely unoccupied at that hour, and Harley had made no noise to indicate his presence there, so the speakers were not cautious in their conversation. After catching the first few words, the boy had no scruples in listening to the talk, for the subject was to him a startling one. The speakers were Vin Pember, the chum for whom he waiting, and Mr. Dennis, the manager of the publishing company.

"I cannot understand it, sir," the listener heard Vin say, in an agitated tone. "I am sure I haven't taken any money, and no one else has done so while I have been at the desk."

"Well," said the smooth, insinuating voice of the manager, "there has been a shortage in the cash every day you have had access to the money drawer for two weeks."

"Why did you keep me there, then," asked the boy. "Why have you remained silent on the subject all this time?"

"At first I thought very little of the matter," was the reply, "but it is now becoming so serious that it demands attention. The amount to be accounted for is about two hundred dollars. The company cannot be expected to suffer such a loss without at least making a full investigation."

"Two hundred dollars!" cried the boy. "Then someone is systematically robbing the company and throwing the blame on me, or trying to do so. Is the cash never short at other times—on days when I am not asked to assist the cashier?"

"Never," was the decided reply, "and, as it is out of all reason that so much money should be lost in making change, I am compelled to ask you for an explanation."

"I can't explain it," repeated the boy. "Why didn't you send someone else into the cage when the cash was short the first time?"

"I have already given you the reason," was the reply. "At first nothing was thought of the matter. But, after three or four days had passed and the shortage continued, it was deemed advisable to keep you there and set a watch."

"I am glad you did that," said the boy, "for the watch must have reported in my favor."

"I am sorry to say that he did not," replied the manager. "On the contrary, he reported several very suspicious circumstances. Today the climax was reached."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the boy, in a trembling voice.

"I mean that marked money was found in the pocket of your office coat—the coat you wore in the cage. How sorry I am for all this," the soft, purring voice of the manager went on, "I cannot find words to express. I will do anything I can to shield you from public disgrace and severe punishment, but before I can accomplish anything full restitution and open confession must be made."

"I am innocent," replied the boy, his voice rising sharply, "and so have nothing to confess. As to making restitution, I wouldn't replace the stolen money if I could. Let the one who stole it do that. If I should restore one cent it would amount to a confession of guilt."

"Think well what you say," urged the manager. "The company does not insist on pushing the matter. As I said a moment ago, confession and restitution are alone required. Think well before you reject this offer, my boy; this offer made in all kindness."

Harley felt like clapping his hands as he heard the boy again assert his innocence and refuse to entertain the manager's offer. Instead, however, he arose and bustled about his room, thus making his presence there known.

CHAPTER II.

HARLEY LOSES HIS PLACE.

In a moment Harley saw Mr. Dennis standing in the open doorway between the two rooms. There was a cloud of displeasure on his face.

"I was not aware that we had an audience," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said Harley, "but I was kept here by my work, and I couldn't avoid hearing what was said. I might have remained silent and my presence here would never have been known to you, but I desired, with your permission, to speak a word for Mr. Pember."

"It would be much better for all concerned if Mr. Pember would speak honestly for himself," was the reply. "However, I will listen to you if you know anything of the matter."

Harley was nettled at the tone and manner of the manager. They both carried a presumption of guilt on Pember's part. In his anger he flashed back a reply that did not help matters any.

"I believe that Vin has told the truth," he declared, "and that some interested party put that money into his coat pocket, if, indeed, any was ever found there."

The sallow face of the manager flushed to the roots of his midnight hair, and his slight figure—dressed in sober black, like that of a person in deep mourning—trembled with suppressed anger.

"You were not asked for your opinion," he said, calmly for a man in such a rage, "but for any facts in your possession bearing on the case in point. You are not aiding your friend, let me tell you, by pretending to doubt my word."

"Perhaps I spoke too hastily," replied Harley. "I always was an excitable fellow. But I know that you will forgive me if I did. I am deeply interested in Mr. Pember, and I am sure of his honesty. He is careful and economical and I know where every cent of his little hoard came from, and the purpose to which it will be put. I would sooner doubt my own honesty than to doubt his."

The dark face of the manager took on a crafty smile.

"Mr. Pember has an enthusiastic advocate," he said, "but I fancy that he may be trusted to handle his own case, which demands only truth and honesty. And so you are saving money for a secret purpose?" he added, turning to Pember. "I should think, now, that your small salary would hardly admit of that. How much have you put by?"

During this conversation Vin had stood mutely by the side of his too zealous advocate, dejection and misery showing in every glance and motion. His handsome almost girlish face did not show the strong lines of his friend's. There was a look bordering on timidity revealed in his soft, brown eyes. His delicate, refined face was now dyed a painful red, and his lips trembled like those of a troubled child.

It was because he knew the boy's noncombatie character so well that Harley was standing up for him against the manager. Vin was neatly dressed in a suit of seal brown, though his apparel was by no means as expensive as that of his friend.

The boy hesitated at the manager's abrupt question, a slow answer forming on his lips.

"I did not know of this hoard," the manager went on, "or I might not have been so sympathetic in the matter. I have Mr. Lyon to thank for a solution of the problem, I think."

The mocking sneer on the crafty face of this smooth man of business as he turned and bowed to Harley was simply unendurable.

"I am sorry if I have said anything to injure the cause of my friend," Harley said, restraining himself with all his might, "but I am not sorry that I told the truth. You mustn't think, Mr. Dennis, that Mr. Pember stole the little money he has."

"I have nothing more to say to you at this time," said the manager, coldly. "You did wrong in interrupting our talk."

"Yes," almost shouted Harley, his face turning white with passion, "you want Vin alone, where you can scare the life out of his timid heart by threats of undeserved disgrace and punishment. Why don't you look in the proper place for the stolen money, if any has been stolen? There are others who might have taken it."

The manager remained silent, but Vin cast an appealing glance at his friend, as if asking him to leave him to his fate. But Harley was too wrought up to heed this mute request.

"If I am to be excluded from this room, which is mine by right of my employment here," cried Harley, hotly, "I hope that Vin will go with me. He is not equal to a mental contest with a man of your experience and cunning, Mr. Dennis, and ought not to remain here to be made a fool and a criminal of."

"From this moment you are employed here no longer," said the manager, showing his teeth at last. "Your disrespect and assurance are not to be tolerated. As for Mr. Pember, he may go with you if he so chooses. For the present our conference is closed. Before morning, however, I believe that he will, notwithstanding your evil influence over him, decide upon the line of conduct recommended to him by me previous to your mischievous interference. Until that time I shall take no further steps in the matter. Kindly leave your keys at the office as you pass out, Mr. Lyon."

The manager bowed formally and disappeared from view, leaving the two boys face to face with a very serious problem.

"Oh, I am so sorry," cried Vin. "You have lost your situation and all through your friendship for me."

To tell the truth, Harley was not a little dismayed at the result, the entirely unexpected result, of his interference in behalf of his friend. He had suffered many privations and hardships in the great city before chance had thrown in his way the employment he had so suddenly lost. Now he must begin all over again, and with an active enemy in the person of Mr. Dennis to reckon with. He put a bold face on the matter, however, and laughed at his friend's fears.

"It's all right, my boy," he said. "I'll soon get another place, and you'll have no difficulty in proving to Mr. Dennis that you are not to be blamed for the disappearance of the money. You ought to be more of a fighter, though, Vin. People admire and fear those who stand up for their rights, as you'll soon learn."

"I am afraid," replied Vin, with a shadow of a smile, "that you have been a bit too pugilistic for your own good today."

"Not a bit of it," was the ready reply.

CHAPTER IV.

"GO WITH ME TO PERU!"

"Of course I can't remain here after what has taken place," said Vin, sorrowfully, "and with this charge against me I don't see how I can get another situation in New York. It seems like a dream to me, Harley, the happenings of the last half hour. It seems as if I must awake, by and by, in our little room in Clinton place and find it morning, and all as it was before."

"Well, it's no dream," replied Harley, with a grave face, "but it's not near so bad as it might be. You might have become frightened and confessed to taking the money and agreed to give up your little hoard in payment of the shortage, which would have been just awful. You know how you have scrimped and saved to get that money together, Vin, and you know the sacred use to which it is to be put."

At last Harley's arguments had put courage into the heart of the accused clerk. His handsome face hardened and became pale, his slender form was drawn rigidly upright, and his usually soft eyes flashed like those of a warrior.

"Yes," he said. "I almost forgot. But for you, Harley, I might have taken the timid course my father pursued, if I can use the word in connection with the mem-

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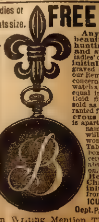

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The Valley of Gold.

(Continued.)

y of one who was so noble, so kind, so ue, and yet so fatally weak."

This, then, was the secret of the boy's oard: Three years before, in Boston, his ather, in the employ of a large publishing ouse, which had since failed under suspic- ous circumstances, had been accused of aking a small amount of money from the afe of the concern, to which, as confiden- al bookkeper, he had access. The closest vestigation had failed to unearth the true ief, and, rather than forfeit his position, Mr. Pember had made good the loss, trust- ng to future discoveries to reimburse him nd to protect his character. At the time payment he had asserted his innocence, ut admitted his responsibility for the safe eeping of the sum taken, and there the atter had rested until another shortage as discovered.

At the time of this trouble Mr. Pember as deeply interested in an improvement in rinting presses, an invention of his own, a atent for which had been applied for. The nvention was a very valuable one, as it ould practically revolutionize the printing usiness, and the path to success with it as not an easy one.

Others, who had fraudulently obtained nowledge of Mr. Pember's discovery prior o the filing of his application, claimed the nvention as their own, and the poor book- eeper was having a serious time of it. There was no doubt in the minds of the fficials as to the merits of the invention. The only point was to decide who was entitled to the patent.

Mr. Pember had always regarded the contestant, a Mr. Reed, as a man of straw put forward by those who were endeavoring to rob him of his rights, and, who, for some reason unknown to him, chose to remain in the background.

He rarely talked with Vin regarding the matter—the wife and mother had been dead for several years—and the boy therefore knew little of the invention or the difficulties which were to be met. Then came a shortage larger than the first, and Mr. Pember paid it, against the advice of his friends, by borrowing money, assigning his claim to the invention as security.

Then other demands were made which he could not meet, and arrest was threatened, but death mercifully came to his relief, and Vin was left alone in the world. A half-hearted search was made by the boy's friends for the patent papers, but they were never found. An attempt was also made to clear up the father's memory, but the payments he had made were against him, and nothing was ever done.

So the boy had been cared for by a distant relative until a year before the opening of our story, when he had secured a position as clerk in the office of the Fulcrum Publishing company. It was Mr. Dennis who had, after a close inquiry as to his parentage, given him the place.

There he had met Harley Lyon, the young editor, whose only relative was an old uncle, a very wealthy man residing somewhere in California, and the two homeless and friendless boys had become great chums, living together in the same cheap room in Clinton place.

"Your father did what he thought was for the best," said Harley, after a moment.

"Yes, but how can I ever hope to clear his memory with this cloud standing over me?" asked the boy, with tears in his eyes. "It is all a conspiracy to keep me from bringing to justice the men who hounded him into his grave," he added, "and I must have done with tears and fight like a man. nly for you, Harley, I should have fallen father fell."

"There is a conspiracy against you, all right enough," said Harley, "but whether it is a continuation of the conspiracy against your father is more than I can fathom. But for that conspiracy your father would be alive now, alive and very wealthy. Do you know whether any person employed in the old publishing house is now employed here? Or whether any person interested in the law suits against your father's patent claim is connected with this company?"

"I know absolutely nothing of the old publishing house where father was employed," was the reply, "and still less of the patent claim. You know the papers were never found, and the matter was dropped."

"There is some connection between the two cases, you may be sure," said Harley, "and we'll get to the bottom of the matter and punish the conspirators in good time. But now we must look to the present. You do not propose to compromise the matter, of course. That chance has gone. Well, then, you'll be arrested in the morning. I wonder that Dennis gave you until morning to think it over. But perhaps he'll have you watched all right. Catch Dennis taking any chances. But we'll surprise him, Vin," added the boy, capering about the room. "We'll surprise him by not showing up in the morning. We have about four hundred dollars between us, and we'll light out this very night. It's a tough thing to do, and looks like an admission of guilt, but everything is against you, and the jail will catch us both if we remain, you as principal and me as accessory before the fact. We can go away and make a pile of money and come back here and fight old Dennis to a standstill. Wont that be jolly?"

"But where can we go?" asked Vin, hopelessly.

"Go with me to Peru," said a strange voice somewhere in the reception room.

The boys faced each other in dismay. Were their plans for flight discovered at the very outset? Were officers in hiding there in the next room, listening and making merry at their expense?

"Yes, sir, you come with me to Peru," continued the voice, becoming more distinct as the speaker approached the door. "I'll take you where you can pick up gold by the hatful. There are tons of it hidden beneath the old Inca temples. Yes, sir, and I know of one temple, away in the interior, that has never been robbed of its gold. I've been there. If you've got four hundred dollars between you, you can pay my fare out there and we can live like gentlemen. We may be able to start a country paper, then. What do you say?"

Before pausing in his speech, the owner of the voice stood in the open door of the editorial room, a short, heavily-built, alert figure, meanly clad and with marks of dissipation showing on the pleasant face. Although not more than five and twenty, he was prematurely bald. His eyes were bright blue, and remarkably keen and steady. In a moment Harley recognized him as a young tramp printer who had been hanging about the office for a number of days.

At first the boys regarded the fellow as insane, but his bright face and coherent speech soon drove this notion out of their heads.

"Why didn't you get the gold when you were there?" Harley finally said. "I wish with all my heart that you were in Peru at this moment," he added, angrily, "and not here listening to our conversation."

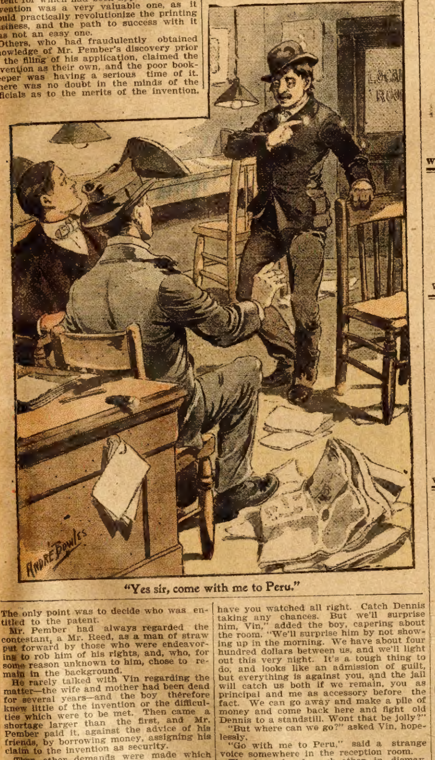
"Oh, I had no money for an outfit when I was there," said the printer, ignoring the latter part of the boy's remarks. "The place is away off in the mountains, and it needs money to get it. I'm always broke, you know. When I get a few dollars to the good, I start a country paper and lose it."

"How did you learn of this wonderful gold mine?" demanded the boy.

"An old Indian that I used to buy drinks for told me about it. Come, is it a go?"

"The plan," said Harley, "is at least worth thinking over."

"I should say so," said Vin. "Come, if we find out that we can trust this man, let us three go to Peru. We've got to go somewhere, you know, Harley, and the sooner we get out of New York the better it will be for us. I vote for Peru."



"Yes sir, come with me to Peru."

CHAPTER IV.

OFFICERS IN PURSUIT.

"Yes, I would like to lose myself in the Peruvian mountains for a time," said Harley, "but I don't know about trusting ourselves to this printer. How did you happen to be in that room just at this time?" he demanded, turning to the fellow. "Were you placed there to hear what we were saying? It certainly looks like it."

"No," was the good-natured reply. "I wasn't put there to watch you boys, though I saw a chap doing so not long ago. The truth is, I was out late last night and did not want to go to my room, so I crawled into the closet off the reception room where I slept until the conversation between the manager and this young man awoke me."

"So you heard that talk, as well as this, did you?" demanded Harley, angrily. "I'd like to punch your head for you."

The printer was evidently not afraid of any such procedure on the part of the boy for he smiled pleasantly.

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WAR PUZZLE.

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We will give **$500.00 in Gold** to any *person who will arrange* the 16 letters printed in the square to the left *into three names* denoting **three well-known Generals** of the **United States Army** during the late **Spanish War.** *Remember, we do not want one cent of your money.* There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. In making the three names, *the letters can only be used as many times as they appear,* and *no letter can be used which does not appear.* **After you have found** the *three correct names,* you will have *used every letter* in the sixteen *exactly* as many times as it appears. **We make this liberal offer** so people with whom we have never before done business will take an interest in whatever future offers we may make. We wish to make a friend of every reader of this paper in the **United States** and **Canada. Try and Win.** If you make the *three names* and **send them to us at once** on a postal card, *who knows* but what you will get the **gold!** Anyway, *we do not want any money from you,* and a contest like this is *very interesting.* As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write and notify you. We hope you will try, as *we shall give the $500.00 away anyway.* Do not delay. Write at once.

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We mean just what we say. Here are five stick pins we give away free to advertise Boyce's Monthly. No. 1 is a horse shoe, roman gold finish. No. 2 is a beautiful filigre butterfly pin, roman gold finish, with pretty stone in the center. No. 3 is a marquise ruby stone scarf pin, very beautiful and full of fire, a close imitation of a genuine pigeon blood ruby. No. 4 is a fancy leaf pattern pin, roman gold finish, with stone in center. No. 5, a fancy three-heart open pattern pin, roman gold finish with stone in the center. You will be surprised and delighted when you get these pins; they are fine in every respect and you can make beautiful presents to your friends. Just think, 5 pins free to every subscriber to **Boyce's Monthly.** Simply send 25 cents for a year's subscription and you get the pins by first mail free. Some persons send in three or four subscriptions for friends. Each subscription entitles the subscriber to five pins free. Address

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To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing **The CHICAGO LEDGER** are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the Weekly **CHICAGO LEDGER** is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive **FREE a KING CAMERA** with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the **CAMERA FREE** and prepay charges on it.

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The Valley of Gold.

(Continued.)

"And what use do you propose making of your knowledge of our affairs?" asked Harley, in a moment.

"I don't see any use in making such a row over it," said the printer. "I guess you have been listening some yourself, and that's what brings you into the game. If I wanted to do a dirty trick, I'd go to old Dennis and tell him that you boys meant to skip before morning, taking four hundred dollars with you, wouldn't I? Cert. Well, Tom Hall, which means me, isn't that sort of a chap. If you want to go to Peru with the undersigned, come along. I can take you to the gold, all right enough, and gold, I take it, is what we all need."

"You said a moment ago," said Harley, "that you saw some one watching us. Do you think he heard what we were saying?"

"I could hear what you said, and he was closer to you than I was."

"Do you know who he was?" asked Vin, in a tremble of terror.

"I have seen him before," was the evasive reply.

"Was it an officer, or the manager, or anyone connected with the publishing house?" asked Harley.

"I have seen the fellow before," replied the printer, "and I guess he was just rubbering around. "If I were in your shoes, though," he added, "I'd get out. Old Dennis is a tiger when he gets down on a fellow. That is, I'd get out if I could, which isn't a sure thing, by any means."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Vin. "Do you believe Dennis will have me arrested tonight?"

"There is no knowing what he will do," was the reply. "He's a snake—a creature that ought to have its head crushed every time it appears among men. And, now, as you don't appear to take kindly to my plans for a tour to Peru, I'll get out myself. My head feels like a swarm of bees stirred up with a fish pole."

The erratic fellow turned away, but Vin caught him by the arm.

"Don't go away angry," he said. "We think you are honest, and all that, only it's hard telling just what to do."

"There's no doubt about what I've got to do," laughed the printer. "I've got to go somewhere and make a touch. Yes, sir. Make a touch for some coin. I haven't got a cent and I'm hungry."

"Wait a moment," said Harley. "I think we would better take this man's advice and go to Peru, don't you?" he added, turning to Vin. "We must go somewhere, and go at once. That is, if we can get out of the building. If that fellow was listening, Dennis probably knows all about our plans by this time, so we have been here too long already."

"He probably does," said the printer. "Well, you can go out into the alley by way of the press room door. Then one of you can go to your room and get your money and things, and the other can wait down on Second avenue. I'll go there after I make a touch."

"And where shall I meet you?" asked Harley.

"At the corner of Second avenue and Seventh street," was the reply.

The boys realized that they were doing a risky thing in going off with this stranger but they were well-nigh friendless and desperate. They were threatened with arrest, and liberty is dear to all, especially to the young and the innocent. They knew that matters could hardly be worse with them, and this expedition, as desperate as it now appeared, might prove of benefit. In the mountains of Peru they would at least be safe from pursuit, and they might meet with good luck there.

"Perhaps," said the printer, "you'd better go to the composing room, at the rear of the next floor, and go down the freight elevator. I'll meet you in the press room. Got to make that touch, you know."

He darted away and the boys were soon in the composing room, where the printers regarded them curiously. Then the foreman recognized Harley as one of the editors and advanced to meet him.

"We want to go down the freight elevator," said Harley. "We are to meet a printer in the press room—rough-looking chap, bald-headed."

"Tom Hall," laughed the foreman. "He's a genius. Though not much better than a kid, he's been all over the world. Must have taken his first tramp while dressed in baby clothes. Good as gold, though."

This endorsement of the printer set many of the fears of the boys at rest. Harley mumbled some reply and the foreman rang for the elevator. It came up presently, a square, dirty platform, daubed with ink and oil, and littered with metal shavings from the stereotyping room. Hall was on it, too, his bald head shining as it slowly arose above the level of the floor like a full moon rising over a stretch of waste land.

"Hello, prints," he called out to the compositors. "Thought me dead, eh? Just slept a little late. Me valley forgot to awaken me. Come on, me boys."

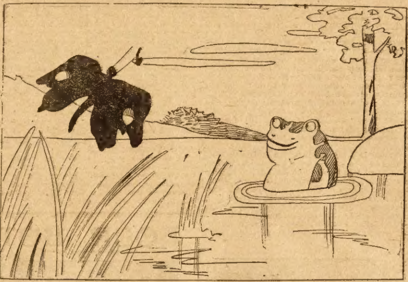
The boys stepped on the elevator and were lowered to the press room.

"It's a good thing you came this way," whispered the printer, as they stepped off. "Old Dennis is after you, all right enough. There's two policemen at the front door. I came up here to make sure that you got the elevator. Foreman cranky sometimes. Now, you duck for the alley door. See that copper? Well, I'll break his neck if he tries to stop you. Duck down; behind the big press, there. Now, run if you ever want to see the mountains of Peru! Run! Here he is!"

The characters of this story are followed through some very remarkable adventures in future chapters. Readers desiring the whole story can subscribe and gain splendid premiums as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

A nice kind of a person is one who does not hold you responsible today for what you said yesterday.



Miss Butterfly—Isn't it sad? I will die at the end of the day.
Mr. Frog—Well, I expect to croak before night.

Held For Ransom.

(Continued from page nine.)

follow over the road. Take your time, but I want you to reach Mr. Randall's by midnight if possible."

With promises to do so the two set off for the river, while the officers turned to the work in hand.

Finding the road wagon and horses in the shed, the ransom-gold was placed under the seat of the vehicle and Carew's lifeless form was fastened in the short wagon-box.

The man Larry was ordered to get up on the seat and the Chief, with a revolver held in one hand, took his place beside him and drove off.

Isabelle Dreux, bound to the saddle of her steed, and Jefferson Grey, riding beside her, followed after the wagon.

Thus the prisoners were hurried to Argo and landed in the city jail. As soon as the kidnapers were safely behind the bars the two officers hastened to the home of Elbridge Randall, to return the gold and report their success. The millionaire met them at the doorway.

"Young folks back?" asked the Chief.

"Yes; the boy's in the library with the little heroine—bless her! She shall not work any more, for I'm going to provide for her family while she goes to the best girls' college in the land. Come in," said Randall, leading the way to the library, where they were met by the rescued boy and his sweetheart.

Suddenly the millionaire turned to the detective, exclaiming briefly: "You have kept your word!"

As he spoke the big clocks of the city slowly tolled out the hour of midnight.

(The end.)

◆

Not Clipped.

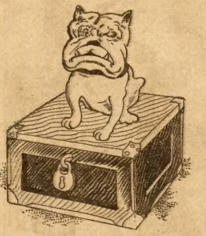
A naturalist says that the squirrel tribe is increasing all over the wooded districts of England, and in the Scottish Lowlands. In some parts of Scotland, notably in the north, the little creature is unknown.

It is not so long ago that a Scotch judge was trying a case which had to do with the escape of a squirrel from its cage, and the question as to whether it had been stolen.

"Were its wings clipped?" he asked a witness.

"But, my lord," interposed the counsel, "it is a quadruped."

"Quadruped or no quadruped," said his honor, sternly, "if its wings had been clipped it could never have escaped."



"A CHEST-PROTECTOR."

◆

The man who works is a fool—from the loafer's point of view.

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To enable every weak and discouraged man to take heart and get well, we will send this "Complete New Treatment," consisting of six packages, as shown above, on trial and approval. No C. O. D., no advance fee. You will only pay after being convinced. Address at once, **Alison Medical Institute,** Section 13, Buffalo, N. Y. Your letter will be held sacredly confidential.

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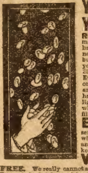

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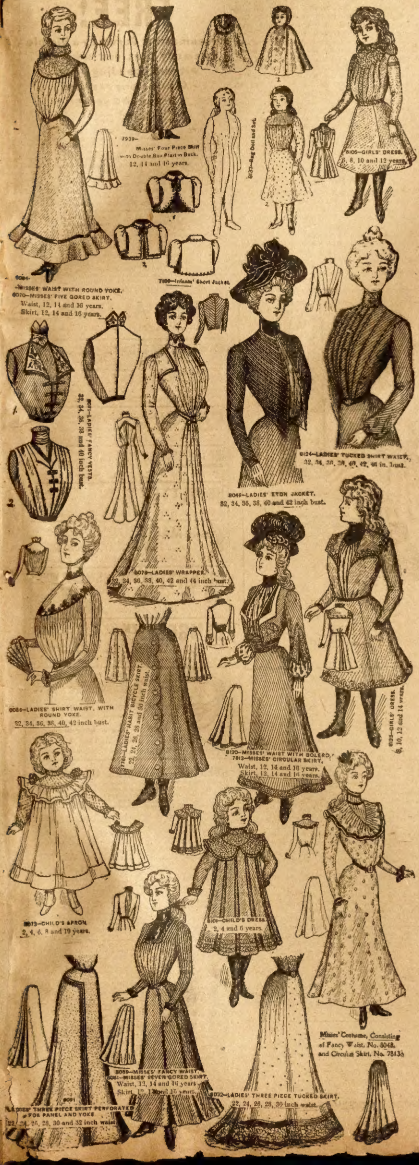
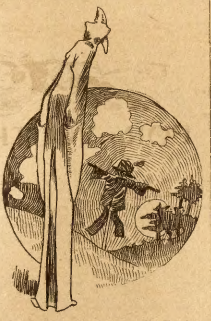
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do t fail to enclose money. **Pattern Dept., CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.**

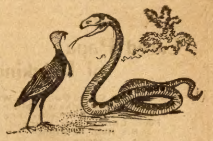

7939—
Misses' Four Piece Skirt with Double Box Plait in Back.
12, 14 and 16 years.
8137—Rag Doll and Set.
8105—GIRLS' DRESS.
6, 8, 10 and 12 years.
1
2
8084—MISSES' WAIST WITH ROUND YOKE.
8070—MISSES' FIVE GORED SKIRT.
Waist, 12, 14 and 16 years.
Skirt, 12, 14 and 16 years.
7109—Infants' Short Jacket.
8071—LADIES' FANCY VESTS.
32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.
8124—LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT WAIST,
32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 in. bust.
8049—LADIES' ETON JACKET.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust.
8078—LADIES' WRAPPER.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust.
8086—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST, WITH ROUND YOKE.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inch bust.
7761—LADIES' HABIT BICYCLE SKIRT.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.
8120—MISSES' WAIST WITH BOLERO,
7813—MISSES' CIRCULAR SKIRT.
Waist, 12, 14 and 16 years.
Skirt, 12, 14 and 16 years.
8123—GIRLS' DRESS.
8, 10, 12 and 14 years.
8073—CHILD'S APRON.
2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.
8101—CHILD'S DRESS.
2, 4 and 6 years.
Misses' Costume, Consisting of Fancy Waist, No. 8048, and Circular Skirt, No. 7813.
8059—MISSES' FANCY WAIST,
8061—MISSES' SEVEN GORED SKIRT.
Waist, 12, 14 and 16 years.
Skirt, 12, 14 and 16 years.
8091
LADIES' THREE PIECE SKIRT PERFORATED FOR PANEL AND YOKE
22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist.
8032—LADIES' THREE PIECE TUCKED SKIRT.
22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inch waist.



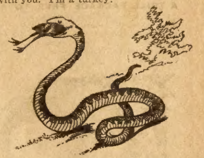
Ghost—Well, I'll be darned! I've been trying to scare that fellow for two hours.

A sliding scale is certainly very appropriate for the iceman.

Two of Them.



The Fowl—Excuse me, I can't associate with you. I'm a turkey!



The Reptile—Well, I'm a turkey gobbler!

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A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO ALL.

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 522 E. 4th St., Newport, Ky., and her children had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privation due to papa's drinking habits.

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Learning there was a cure for drunkenness which she could give her husband secretly, she decided to try it. She mixed it in his food and coffee and as the remedy is odorless and tasteless he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and they now have a happy home. Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses. It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm and causes him no suffering whatever.

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

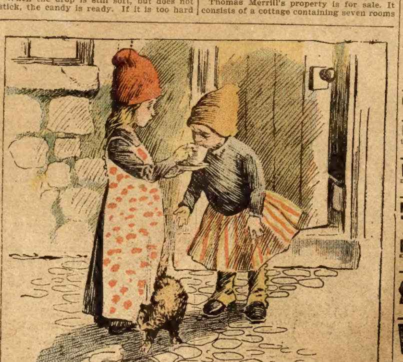
Pecan Candy.

Christmas without candy would seem unnatural, and therefore we all eat it, with the other good things. In spite of the thousand ways in which the regular candymakers supply it, everybody likes that made at home, for it is not only delicious, but absolutely pure. Besides, there is the fun of making it. Here are directions for making a kind that is particularly good:

Anyone who has ever lived in New Orleans is familiar with the delicious creamed pecan candy, for which the old darky mammies are famous the world over. These candies are easily made, although it is difficult in the north to procure the rich, brown sugar, the genuine product for the cane. The light brown or coffee sugar of our markets is, however, a fairly good substitute.

To a pound of sugar add two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water, and two even tablespoonfuls of sweet butter. Stir until it melts. Add just a pinch of cream of tartar, and let the syrup boil without stirring until a drop of it will make a soft ball when rolled between the fingers. Wet the fingers in water before tasting.

When the drop is still soft, but does not stick, the candy is ready. If it is too hard and cracks when bitten, if has boiled too long, and in that case add a little water and let the syrup boil an instant. Do not stir, but merely test again. When it reaches the creamy or soft ball condition, extinguish the flame and pour in a cupful of pecan kernels. Have ready buttered tins and pour the candy into them. When partly cool, crease with a knife into candies two inches square. Break into square when cold.—Table Talk.



"To make me believe it, Pa tried.
But I'm 'not made of dust,' " Bobby cried.
"For now that I think,
When I take a big drink,
I never get muddy inside."

Good Game.

We all know very many games to play, the trouble is to think of them at the right minute. If you are going to give a candy pull or a cobweb party during these holidays, it is well to have a good many games thought up beforehand, alternating the romping games with the quieter ones in a little program so that there may be no awkward pauses.

Have you ever been to a "Swap" party? Each one is supplied with four or five little bundles, wrapped so that no one else can suspect the contents. The bundles may contain anything, from a tinsel ball to a sunbonnet. Each one praises up his own property, without telling what it is, and the swapping is carried on with great show of bargaining. When every one has swapped the parcels are opened and the one who has made the poorest swaps must tell a story or suggest a game, or in some way entertain the company. After this come other games, with apples and nuts for refreshments.

Two Dogs.

A. L. Holter, of Helena, Montana, who is largely interested in the cattle and sheep industry in that state, says very little loss from cold or exposure has resulted, though last October a cold spell killed several sheep herders in the Great Falls district, one of whom was taking care of Mr. Holter's flocks. At that time two feet of snow covered the range in places, and the thermometer indicated 40 degrees below zero. The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for the sheep, and it was three days before his fate was known to his employes. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of them stayed with his body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained; but the 2,500 sheep fared as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency.

A Few Items.

The following news notes may or may not be genuine, but they show the value of the comma:

Mrs. Mary Wood's sidewalk, which was shoveled off last winter, is now being relaid.

Nathan Price who was shot in the suburbs last Wednesday is now able to get around.

Thomas Merrill's property is for sale. It consists of a cottage containing seven rooms and an acre of land.

Edward Jones has opened a shoe store on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

The firm of Smith & Thorndyke is once more carrying on business at the old stand. The concern now wants a man to sell on commission.

Mrs. Walter Darrell would like to hear of a good nurse for her child about thirty years of age and with good references. None other need apply.

John Bangs who will sail for Europe Saturday would like to find a purchaser for his valuable bulldog. The animal is no care as it will eat anything and is very fond of children.

A touching incident was noted at the Union station yesterday when an aged couple bade each other good-by. The old lady kissed her husband fervently several times and he kissed her back.

The two prominent young medical students who have been stealing sculls from the Wachusett boat house are warned that unless amends are made trouble will ensue, as the names of the thieves are known.

Dr. Franklin White has returned from a trip to Switzerland. Speaking of the robust health of its peasantry, the doctor says: "The strength of the Swiss woman is remarkable. It is nothing unusual for her to wash and iron and milk several cows in one day."

Didn't Want Any.

Upon returning from her first visit to Sunday school little Laura surprised her papa by saying:

"They passed the pennies to us, papa, but we didn't take any."

Money of Leather.

Leather money was used in Russia during the reign of Peter the Great.

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Rheumatism Cured by a Simple Remedy that you may Try without spending a cent. Cured many cases of 30 and 40 years standing.

If any reader suffering from rheumatism will write to me I will send him free of cost, a trial package of a simple and harmless remedy which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 40 years standing. This is a grand remedy, and want every afflicted reader to learn by actual test, what marvelous power it has, and therefore will gladly send a sample free, even if more than 15,000 invalids should apply. Distressing cases of rheumatism, among them bedridden and crippled persons, were completely cured, of which I mention a few: A lady in Denham, Ind., writes that this remedy cured her, and she then cured 15 of her neighbors. In Lyon, Mo., it cured an old gentleman at the age of 82, who had been a sufferer for 40 years. In Seguin, Tex., it cured a case of 41 years standing. Hon. Jacob Sexauer of Fountain City, Wis., was cured after suffering 33 years and after having employed 7 physicians. Miss Emma Callender at 130 Oak Street, Vincennes, Ind., was cured after she was given up to die. Rev. S. Sund of Harrisville, Wis., writes that the remedy had cured two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 15, the other 25 years. Thousands of similar instances could be mentioned, showing that here is a remedy that can be relied upon. Write at once for a trial package, for it is an honest remedy which you can test before spending a cent. Address

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1743 Germania Bldg. - - Milwaukee, Wis

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MOTHERS If you fail to find a cure for Bed-Wetting, try FENINE. Sample Box Free. Cure guaranteed. MISSOURI REMEDY Co., St. Louis, Mo
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Men's well-made Pants, worth $1.75, at	73
Good Needles, per paper,	1
Men's Windsor Neck Ties	2½
Fine Laces from ½c. per yard up.	
Boys' Knee Pants, all sizes,	19
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Boys' $1.60 Button Shoes, sizes 12 to 2	79
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Men's well-made $2.25 Congress Shoes	98
Men's Solid Working Shoes, worth $1.50	69
Women's Oxford Tie Slippers, worth $1.40	69
Good Curling Irons	3
Wood-back Horse Brush, worth 35c.,	9
Leather back Horse Brush, worth 60c.	13
Good Line of Harness Snaps, per dozen	18
Boys' Knee Pants Suits of Clothes all sizes, worth $2.00, at	89
Men's well-made Jean Pants, per pair	49
Men's Suspenders, good ones, per pair,	8
Good Smoking Tobacco, per pkg.	3½
Good Plug Tobacco, per lb.	23
Pins, per paper,	1
Boys' Wool Hats, worth 60c.	19
Men's Wool Hats, worth 75c.,	29
A good pair of Shears	2
Good Machine Thread, per spool	3
Men's well-made Felt Mittens, per pair	9
Silver plated Tea Spoons, worth $1.00 a set	18
Large size Stew Kettles, each,	13
Good Blueing, sifting boxes, each,	1
Fine Caramels, per pound,	12
Chocolate Drops, Jelly Beans and Wintergreen Berries, pound,	10
Best Oatmeal, per pound	2½
Men's Fine Worsted, all wool, Sack or Cutaway Coats, worth $12.50 each (in ordering give chest measure)	2.50
Gold-head Umbrellas, worth $1.75	69
Fast-color Turkey-red Table Cloth, per yard	20
2-quart Covered Pail, worth 15c.	5
Nice Pocket Combs, in case, worth 10c.	3
Shaker Flannel, 12c. quality, yd.	6½
Fine Cigars, (50 in box), per box	65
Boys' well-made Overcoats	1.09
Nice Dress Buttons, per dozen,	1
Men's Heavy Knit Jersey Shirt, with collar and pocket	29
Boys good, warm Caps, worth 50c.	19
Men's Velvet Silk Embroidered Slippers, worth $1.25	49
25c. Paper Bound Novels, 1 inch thick,	4½
Good, heavy Envelopes, any amount, 10 for	1
Heavy Note Paper, any amount, 8 sheets	1
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Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, 1300 pages, worth $5.00, at	69
Fine Gold-plated Spectacles, look and wear equal to solid gold, worth $2.00, our price	49
Fine silver-plated Tablespoons, worth $1.00 per set, at	25
Good quality Linen Thread, spool	2
Good quality Wade & Butcher Razors, worth $1.50,	49
Fine quality Lace, worth 6c. per yard, at	3
Good Carpet Tacks, per box	1
Good Toilet Soap, per bar	1
Ladies' Belts, with fancy gilt and silver buckles, worth 30 cts.	9
Fine quality Men's Silk Neckties, all the latest styles, worth 50c, Our price	11
Boys' Fine all-wool Knee Pants Suits, sizes 4 to 14, worth $3,	1.49
Ladies' Felt Walking Hats, worth $1.00, at	19
Fine Silk Veiling, worth 20c., at	6

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